

THE
GENTLE SHEPHERD,

A SCOTCH PASTORAL.

By *ALLAN RAMSAY.* *K*

ATTEMPTED IN ENGLISH

By *MARGARET TURNER.*

LONDON:

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TO
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE
PRINCE OF WALES.

28
TRULY sensible of your ROYAL HIGHNESS's
goodness and condescension, in permitting me
to introduce to the *public*, under your ROYAL
HIGHNESS's *auspices* and *protection*, this English
version of Mr. Ramsay's GENTLE SHEPHERD,
I humbly entreat your ROYAL HIGHNESS's
acceptance of my most grateful and respectful
acknowledgments; and that *Heaven* may confer
on your ROYAL HIGHNESS every blessing that
can make a Prince as great and happy as he is
good—is the most devout prayer of your ROYAL
HIGHNESS's

Most respectful,

And devoted servant,

MARGARET TURNER.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

PRINCE OF WALES

First Gentleman of your Royal Highness's
chamber and confidential, in presenting me
to introduce to the public, under your Royal
Highness's sanction and approval, the English
version of Mr. Ransley's German Dictionary.
I humbly trust your Royal Highness's
acquaintance of my work will be most
advantageous to you, and I am very confident
on your Royal Highness's ever believing that
can make a Prince as great and happy as he is
good—is the most devoted prayer of your Royal
Highness's

6 NO 63

MARGARET TURNER

ADDRESS TO THE PUBLIC.

No one ever committed a Performance to the eye of the Public with more anxious diffidence than I do an English version of the Gentle Shepherd. Conscious of the merits of the original, and the impossibility of doing it justice in any other dialect than that in which it was originally written, I blush at my own temerity in attempting it; but, as most scribblers introduce themselves to the world with an apology, I also have mine—which would gain me the indulgence of every feeling heart: and, while I shrink from the

A

eye

eye of criticism, yet I hope judgment will be softened by mercy: and, when it is observed with what scrupulous attention I have adhered to the original, I also hope that my errors will be treated with lenity.

With those who understand the Scotch dialect, this Pastoral needs no panegyric; and with those who do not, I have not the vanity to think that my opinion would be of any consequence; but I shall give that of a gentleman who is acknowledged by the world as an able critic and an elegant writer.

“ I must not omit the mention of another
“ Pastoral Drama, which will bear being
“ brought into comparison with any composition of this kind in any language; that is,
“ Allan Ramfay’s Gentle Shepherd. It is a
“ great disadvantage to this beautiful Poem,
“ that it is written in the old rustic dialect of
“ Scotland, which, in a short time, will
“ probably be entirely obsolete, and not intelligible;
“ telligible;

“ telligible; and it is a farther disadvantage,
 “ that it is so entirely formed on the rural
 “ manners of Scotland, that none but a na-
 “ tive of that country can thoroughly un-
 “ derstand or relish it. But, though subject
 “ to these local disadvantages, which confine
 “ its reputation within narrow limits, it is
 “ full of so much natural description, and
 “ tender sentiment, as would do honour to
 “ any Poet. The characters are well drawn,
 “ the incidents affecting, the scenery and
 “ manners lively and just. It affords a strong
 “ proof both of the power which Nature and
 “ Simplicity possess to reach the heart in
 “ every sort of writing; and of the variety of
 “ pleasing Characters and Subjects with
 “ which Pastoral Poetry, when properly
 “ managed, is capable of being enlivened.”

Dr. BLAIR'S Lectures on Rhetoric and Belles Letters:

ADDRESS TO THE SUBSCRIBERS.

THE encouragement I have met with from the Public in general, in enabling me to print so honourable and numerous a List of Subscribers, merits my most sincere acknowledgments.

To those particular friends, whose exertions in my behalf have done me so much honour, and to those whose generous attentions have so essentially served me, I cannot say what I feel, but I hope that they will accept the grateful thanks of a heart truly sensible of their goodness.

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*✂ The Residences of Subscribers are not inserted, as they would
have increased the size of the List too much.*

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

SIR WILLIAM WORTHY.

PATIE, the Gentle Shepherd, in love with Peggy.

ROGER, a rich young shepherd, in love with Jenny.

SYMON, } two old shepherds, tenants to Sir William.

GLAUD, }

BAULDY, a hynd engaged with Neps.

WOMEN.

PEGGY, thought to be Glaud's niece.

JENNY, Glaud's only daughter.

MAUSE, an old woman, supposed to be a witch.

ELSPA, Symon's wife.

MADGE, Glaud's sister.

SCENE, *A shepherd's village and fields some few miles from
Edinburgh.*

TIME OF ACTION within twenty-four hours.

First Act begins at eight in the morning.

Second Act begins at eleven in the forenoon.

Third Act begins at four in the afternoon.

Fourth Act begins at nine o'clock at night.

Fifth Act begins by day-light next morning.

B

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THE
GENTLE SHEPHERD.

SCOTCH.

ACT I. SCENE I.

PROLOGUE TO THE SCENE.

Beneath the south-side of a craigy bield,
Where crystal springs the halefome waters yield,
Twa youthfu' shepherds on the gowans lay,
Tenting their flocks ae bonny morn of May.
Poor Roger granes, till hollow echoes ring;
But blyther Patie likes to laugh and sing.

PATIE AND ROGER.

SANG. Tune, *The wawking of the faulds.*

PATIE.

My Peggy is a young thing,
Just enter'd in her teens,
Fair as the day, and sweet as May,
Fair as the day, and always gay.
My Peggy is a young thing,
And I'm not very auld,
Yet well I like to meet her at
The wawking of the fauld.

My

THE
GENTLE SHEPHERD.

ENGLISH.

ACT I. SCENE I.

DESCRIPTION OF THE SCENE.

Beneath a rocky shelter's southern side,
Where fountains clear in healthful streamlets glide,
Two youthful shepherds on the daisies lay,
Tending their flocks one lovely morn of May.
Poor Roger groans, till hollow echoes ring;
But blither Patie likes to laugh and sing.

PATIE AND ROGER.

S O N G.

PATIE.

MY Peggy is a young thing,
Just enter'd in her teens;
Fair as the day, and sweet as May,
Fair as the day, and always gay.
My Peggy is a young thing,
And I'm not very old,
Yet well I like to meet her at
The watching of the fold.

My Peggy speaks fae sweetly,
 Whene'er we meet alane,
 I wish nae mair to lay my care,
 I wish nae mair of a' that's rare;
 My Peggy speaks fae sweetly,
 To a' the lave I'm cauld :
 But she gars a' my spirits glow
 At wawking of the fauld.

My Peggy smiles fae kindly,
 Whene'er I whisper loye,
 That I look down on a' the town,
 That I look down upon a crown.
 My Peggy smiles fae kindly,
 It makes me blyth and bauld,
 And nathing gi'es me sic delight,
 As wawking of the fauld.

My Peggy sings fae fastly,
 When on my pipe I play ;
 By a' the rest it is confest,
 By a' the rest, that she sings best.
 My Peggy sings fae fastly,
 And in her sangs are tald,
 With innocence, the wale of sense,
 At wawking of the fauld.

This sunny morning, Roger, cheers my blood,
 And puts all nature in a jovial mood.
 How hartfom is't to see the rising plants,
 To hear the birds chirm o'er their pleasing rants ;
 How halefome is't to snuff the cawler air,
 And a' the sweets it bears, when void of care.

What

My Peggy speaks so sweetly,
Whene'er we meet alone,
O! she's the fair can banish care,
O! she's the fair without compare.
My Peggy speaks so sweetly,
To other maids I'm cold;
But she makes all my spirits glow,
When watching of the fold.
My Peggy smiles so kindly,
Whene'er I whisper love,
That I look down on all the town,
That I look down upon a crown.
My Peggy smiles so kindly,
It makes me blithe and bold,
And nothing gives me such delight,
As watching of the fold.
My Peggy sings so softly,
When on my pipe I play,
By all the rest it is confest,
By all the rest, that she sings best.
My Peggy sings so softly,
And in her songs are told,
With innocence, the best of sense,
At watching of the fold.

This funny morning, Roger, cheers my blood,
And puts all nature in a joyous mood.
How blithsome 'tis to see the rising plants,
To hear the birds chirp o'er their pleasing chants;
How healthy 'tis to scent the morning air,
And all the sweets it bears, when void of care.

What ails thee, Roger, then? what gars thee grane?
Tell me the cause of thy ill-season'd pain?

ROGER.

I'm born, O Patie, to a thrawart fate!
I'm born to strive with hardships sad and great.
Tempests may cease to jaw the rowan flood,
Corbies and tods to grien for lambkins blood:
But I, oppress'd with never-ending grief,
Maun ay despair of lightening on relief.

PATIE.

The bees shall loath the flow'r, and quit the hive,
The faughs on boggie ground shall cease to thrive,
Ere scornfu' queans, or loss of warldly gear,
Shall spill my rest, or ever force a tear.

ROGER.

Sae might I say; but it's no easy done
By ane whale faul's fae sadly out of tune.
You ha' sae fast a voice, and slid a tongue,
You are the darling baith of auld and young.
If I but ettle at a fang, or speak,
They dit their lugs, syne up their leglens cleek,
And jeer me hameward frae the loan or bught,
While I'm confus'd with mony a vexing thought:
Yet I am tall, and as well built as thee,
Nor mair unlikely to a las's eye.
For ilk a sheep ye have, I'll number ten,
And should, as ane may think, come farer ben.

PATIE.

But ablins, nibour, ye have not a heart,
And downa eithly wi' your candle part:

If

What ails thee, Roger, then? why sigh you so?
Tell me the cause of thy ill-season'd woe?

ROGER.

I'm born, O Patie, to an adverse fate!
I'm born to strive with hardships sad and great.
Tempests may cease to dash the rolling flood,
The rav'n and fox to long for lambkin's blood:
But I, oppress'd with never-ending grief,
Must still despair of lighting on relief.

PATIE.

The bees shall loath the flow'r, and quit the hive,
Willows on marshy ground shall cease to thrive,
Ere scornful maids, or loss of worldly store,
Shall make me drop a tear, or wake an hour.

ROGER.

So might I say; but 'tis not eas'ly done
By one whose soul's so sadly out of tune.
You have so soft a voice, and smooth a tongue,
That you're the darling of both old and young.
If I attempt to sing, or but to speak,
They stop their ears, and up their milk-pails take,
And jeer me as they home from milking go;
Confus'd and vex'd, I know not what to do:
Yet I'm as tall as thou—as well made too,
Why should I please the lasses less than you?
For every sheep thou hast, ten I can show,
And should, as one may think, before thee go.

PATIE.

Perhaps, my neighbour, you've a niggard's heart,
So with the coin you cannot freely part.

If that be true, what signifies your gear?
A mind that's scrimpit never wants some care.

ROGER.

My byar tumbled, nine braw nowt were smoor'd,
Three elf-shot were, yet I these ills endur'd:
In winter last my cares were very sma',
Tho' scores of wathers perish'd in the snaw.

PATIE.

Were your bien rooms as thinly stock'd as mine,
Lefs you wad los, and lefs ye wad repine,
He that has just enough can soundly sleep:
The o'ercome only fashes fowk to keep.

ROGER.

May plenty flow upon thee for a cross,
That thou may'st thole the pangs of mony a los:
O may'st thou doat on some fair paughty wench,
That ne'er will lout thy lowan drowth to quench:
'Till bris'd beneath the burden, thou cry dool!
And awn that ane may fret that is nae fool.

PATIE.

Sax good fat lambs, I fauld them ilka clute
At the West Port, and bought a winsome flute,
Of plum-tree made, with iv'ry virles round:
A dainty whistle, with a pleasant sound:
I'll be mair canty w'it, and ne'er cry dool!
Than you with a' your cash, ye dowie fool.

ROGER.

Na, Patie, na! I'm nae sic churlish beast,
Some other thing lies heavier at my breast:
I dream'd

What signifies your wealth, if that's the case?
A fordid soul still wears a careful face.

ROGER.

My cow-house falls, nine head of cattle kills,
Three elf-shot^c were, yet I endur'd these ills:
Few cares in winter last my heart did know,
Though scores of wethers perish'd in the snow.

PATIE.

Were your rich farms as poorly stock'd as mine,
Less you would lose, and less you would repine.
He that has just enough can soundly sleep:
O'erflowing wealth but troubles us to keep.

ROGER.

May plenty flow upon thee for a cross,
That thou may'st feel the pangs of many a loss!
O may'st thou doat on some fair haughty wench,
Who ne'er will stoop thy scorching thirst to quench!
'Till press'd beneath the load, Alas! you say,
And own, tho' one's no fool, yet fret he may.

PATIE.

Six good fat lambs—I fold them out and out
At the West Port^d—and bought a winning flute,
Of plum-tree made, the joints with iv'ry bound:
A handsome pipe, and of a pleasing sound—
With it I'll blither be, and ne'er look dull,
Than you with all your cash, ye doleful fool.

ROGER.

I'm no such churlish ass; no, Patie, no—
'Tis other cares that fill my heart with woe:
I dreamt

I dream'd a dreary dream this hinder night,
That gars my flesh a creep yet with the fright.

PATIE.

Now, to a friend, how filly's this pretence,
To ane wha you and a' your secrets kens;
Daft are your dreams, as daftly wad ye hide
Your well seen love, and dorty Jenny's pride:
Take courage, Roger, me your sorrows tell,
And safely think nane kens them but your sell.

ROGER.

Indeed now, Patie, ye have guefs'd o'er true,
And there is nathing I'll keep up frae you.
Me dorty Jenny looks upon asquint;
To speak but till her I dare hardly mint:
In ilka place she jeers me air and late,
And gars me look bombaz'd, and unko blate:
But yesterday I met her yont a know,
She fled as frae a shelly-coated kow.
She Bauldy looes, Bauldy that drives the car,
But gecks at me, and says I smell of tar.

PATIE.

But Bauldy looes not her, right well I wat,
He fighs for Neps;—sae that may stand for that.

ROGER.

I wish I cou'dna looe her—but in vain,
I still maunt doat, and throle her proud disdain.
My Bawty is a cur I dearly like,
'Till he yowl'd sair she strak the poor dumb tyke;
If I had fill'd a nook within her breast,
She wad have shawn mair kindness to my beast.

When

I dreamt a dreary dream the other night,
That makes me still to shudder with the fright.

PATIE.

Now, to a friend, how silly is this art,
To one who knows each secret of your heart—
Feign'd are your dreams, and weakly do you hide
Your well-seen love, and scornful Jenny's pride:
Take courage, Roger, tell me all your woe,
And safely think none but yourself doth know.

ROGER.

Indeed now, Patie, you have guess'd too true,
And there is nothing I'll conceal from you—
Me scornful Jenny looks on with despite;
To speak but to her puts me in a fright:
She jeers me morn and night in every place,
Whilst I, confounded, look with bashful face.
Beyond yon hillock green we met last night;
Away she fled as I had been a sprite.
She Bauldy loves—Bauldy that drives the cart;
But me she jibes, and says I smell of tar.

PATIE.

But Bauldy loves not her—well I know that—
He sighs for Neps—so there is tit for tat.

ROGER.

I wish I could not love her, but in vain—
I still must doat, and bear her proud disdain.
My Bawty is a dog I dearly like;
E'en till he howl, the poor dumb thing she'll strike.
Since "Love me, love my dog," the proverb goes,
Her cruelty to mine her hatred shews.

When

When I begin to tune my stock and horn,
 With a' her face she shaws a caulrife scorn.
 Last night I play'd, ye never heard sic spite;
 O' *Dogie* was the spring, and her delyte:
 Yet tauntingly she at her cousin spear'd,
 Gif she could tell what tune I play'd, and sneer'd,
 Flocks, wander where ye like, I dinna care,
 I'll break my reed, and never whistle mair.

PATIE.

E'en do sae, Roger, wha can help misluck?
 Saebins she be sic a thrawin gabbit chuck,
 Yonders a craig, since ye have tint all hope
 Gae till't your ways, and take the lover's lowp.

ROGER.

I needna mak sic speed my blood to spill,
 I'll warrant death come soon enough a-will.

PATIE.

Daft gowk! leave off that silly whinging way;
 Seem careless—there's my hand ye'll win the day.
 Hear how I serv'd my las I love as weel
 As ye do Jenny, and with heart as leel.
 Last morning I was gay and early out,
 Upon a dyke I lean'd, glowring about;
 I saw my Meg come linkan o'er the lee;
 I saw my Meg, but Peggy saw na me:
 For yet the sun was wading thro' the mist,
 And she was close upon me e'er she wist.
 Her coats were kiltit, and did sweetly shaw
 Her straight bare legs, that whiter were than snaw.

Her

When I begin to tune my shepherd's horn,
In all her face she shews a chilling scorn.
Last night I play'd, you never heard such spite,
"O'er Bogie" was the tune, and her delight:
Yet tauntingly she to her cousin said,
With such a sneer, "What tune has Roger play'd?"
Flocks, wander where you will, my heart's so sore,
I'll break my reed, and never whistle more.

PATIE.

E'en do so, Roger, who can help mischance?
Since wayward woman leads you such a dance,
Now that you've lost all hope—yon cliff is steep—
E'en go your way, and take the lover's leap.

ROGER.

To spill my blood I need not make such haste,
I'll warrant death come soon enough at last.

PATIE.

Great goose! leave off that silly whining way;
Seem careless—there's my hand you'll win the day.
Hear how I serv'd my lass I love as true
As ever Jenny can be lov'd by you.
Last morning I was rather early out,
Upon a wall I leant, looking about;
I saw my Peg come frisking o'er the lea;
I saw my Peg, but Peggy saw not me:
For yet the sun was wading thro' the mist,
And she was close upon me ere she wist.
Her petticoat tuck'd up did sweetly show
Her tight-made legs, that whiter were than snow.

Her

Her cockernony snooded up fou sleek,
Her haffet locks hang waving on her cheek;
Her cheeks fae ruddy, and her een fae clear;
And O! her mouth's like ony hinny pear.
Neat, neat she was, in bustine waistcoat clean,
As she came skiffing o'er the dewy green:
Blythsome, I cry'd, My bonny Meg, come here,
I ferly wherefore ye're so soon asteer?
But I can guess, ye're gone to gather dew:
She scour'd awa', and said, What's that to you?
Then fare ye weel, Meg-Dorts, and e'en's ye like,
I careless cry'd, and lap in o'er the dyke.
I trow, when that she saw, within a crack,
She came with a right thieveless errand back
Miscaw'd me first—then bad me hund my dog,
To wear up three waff ews stray'd on the bog.
I leugh, and fae did she; then with great haste
I clasp'd my arms about her neck and waist;
About her yielding waist; and took a fouth
Of sweetest kisses frae her glowing mouth.
While hard and fast I held her in my grips,
My very faul came lowping to my lips.
Sair, sair she flet wi' me 'tween ilke smack,
But weel I kend she meant nae as she spak.
Dear Roger, when your jo puts on her gloom,
Do ye fae too, and never fash your thumb.
Seem to forsake her, soon she'll change her mood:
Gae woo anither, and she'll gang clean wood.

S A N G.

Her hair bound back, so glossy and so sleek,
Whilst flowing locks hung waving on her cheek;
Her cheeks so ruddy, and her eyes so clear;
And O! her lips like ripest fruit appear.
Neat, neat she was, in snow-white jacket clean,
As she tript lightly o'er the dewy green:
Blithesome, I cried, "My pretty Peg, come here;
"I wonder what makes you so soon appear!
"But I can guess you come to gather dew:"
Away she scour'd, saying, "What's that to you?"
"Then fare you well," said I, "just as you please,"
And leap'd the wall with gay indifferent ease.
But when she saw with how much ease I spake,
She came with a right trifling errand back:
Abus'd me first—then bade me send my dog,
To bring three ewes which stray'd upon the bog.
I smil'd, and so did she; then with great haste
I clasp'd my arms about her neck and waist;
About her yielding waist—and took in truth
A store of kisses from her glowing mouth.
While hard and fast her to my heart I prest,
I thought my soul would leap out of my breast.
Between each kiss she often tried to scold,
But by her eyes another tale was told.
Dear Roger, when your Jenny tries such tricks,
Do you so too, and never mind her freaks.
Indiff'rent seem, she'll change her mood, my lad;
Go woo another, and she'll run half mad.

SONG.

S A N G. *Tune, Fy gar rub her o'er with strae.*

Dear Roger, if your Jenny geck,
And answer kindness with a flight,
Seem unconcern'd at her neglect,
For women in a man delight:
But them despise who're soon defeat
And with a simple face give way
To a repulse—then be not blate,
Push bauldly on, and win the day.

When maidens, innocently young,
Say often what they never mean;
Ne'er mind their pretty lying tongue,
But tent the language of their een:
If these agree, and she persist
To answer all your love with hate,
Seek elsewhere to be better blest,
And let her sigh when 'tis too late.

ROGER.

Kind Patie, now fair-fa your honest heart,
Ye're ay fae cadgy, and have sic an art
To hearten ane: for now as clean's a leek,
Ye've cherish'd me, since ye began to speak.
Sae, for your pains, I'll mak ye a propine,
(My mother, rest her faul! she made it fine;)
A tartan plaid, spun of good hawstock woo,
Scarlet and green the sets, the borders blue:
With spraings like gowd, and filler cross'd with black,
I never had it yet upon my back.

Weel

S O N G.

Dear Roger, when she plays such tricks,
And answers kindness with a slight,
Seem unconcern'd at her neglects,
For women still in love delight:
Despising men who quickly yield,
And with a simple face give way
To a repulse—then keep the field,
And still advance, you'll win the day.

When maidens, innocently young,
Say often what they never mean;
Ne'er mind their pretty lying tongue,
'Tis by their eyes the truth is seen:
If these agree, and she persist
To answer all your love with hate,
Seek elsewhere to be better blest,
And let her sigh when 'tis too late.

ROGER.

Kind Patie! now Heav'n bless your honest heart!
You're still so merry, and have such an art
One's heart to cheer, e'en when 'tis like to break,
As mine was now, ere you began to speak.
So, for your pains, a present I design,
(My mother, rest her soul! she made it fine,)
Spun from the softest wool—such plaids but few—
Scarlet and green the checks, the borders blue:
With streaks like gold, and silver cross'd with black,
I never had it yet upon my back.

C

You

Weel are ye wordy o't, who have fae kind
Red up my revel'd doubts, and clear'd my mind.

PATIE.

Weel, hald ye there:—and since ye've frankly made
To me a present of your braw new plaid,
My flute's be yours; and she too that's fae nice,
Shall come a-will, gif ye'll tak my advice.

ROGER.

As ye advise, I'll promise to observ't;
But ye maun keep the flute, ye best deserv't.
Now tak it out, and gie's a bonny spring;
For I'm in tift to hear you play and sing.

PATIE.

But first we'll tak a turn up to the height,
And see gif a' our flocks be feeding right;
By that time bannocks, and a shave of cheefe,
Will make a breakfast that a laird might please;
Might please the daintiest gabs, were they fae wise
To season meat wi' health instead of spice.
When we ha'e ta'n the grace-drink at this well,
I'll whistle fine, and sing t' ye like mysell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

You well deserve it, who have been so kind
T' untwist my ravel'd doubts, and clear my mind.

PATIE.

Well, be it so—since you have frankly made
To me a present of your fine new plaid,
My flute is yours; and she too, now so nice,
Will soon be kind, if you take my advice.

ROGER.

All you advise I promise to observe;
But keep the flute, which you so well deserve.
Now take it out, let's have some clever thing,
For I'm in trim to hear you play and sing.

PATIE.

But first we'll take a turn up to the height,
And see if all our flocks be feeding right;
Then by that time our homely bread and cheese
Will make a breakfast that a squire might please;
Might please the nicest tastes, had they the wit,
Instead of spice, with health to season meat.
When we have had the grace-cup from that spring,
Then I shall do my best to play and sing.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

A flowrie howm, between twa verdant braes,
 Where lasses use to wash and spread their claes;
 A trotting burnie wimpling thro' the ground,
 Its channel pebbles shining smooth and round:
 Here view twa barefoot beauties, clean and clear;
 First please your eye, next gratify your ear;
 While Jenny what she wishes discommends,
 And Meg, with better sense, true love defends.

PEGGY AND JENNY.

JENNY.

Come, Meg, let's fa' to wark upon this green,
 The shining day will bleach our linen clean;
 The waters clear, the lift unclouded blew,
 Will make them like a lily wet wi' dew.

PEGGY.

Gae farer up the burn to Habbie's How,
 Where a' the sweets of spring and simmer grow.
 Between twa birks, out o'er a little lin,
 The water fa's and maks a fingan din;
 A pool breast-deep, beneath as clear as glafs,
 Kisses wi' easy whirls the bord'ring grafs:
 We'll end our washing while the morning's cool;
 And when the day grows het, we'll to the pool,
 There

SCENE II.

DESCRIPTION.

A flow'ry vale, two verdant banks between,
Where lasses wash, and bleach their linen clean;
A purling brook runs winding thro' the ground,
Its channel pebbles shining smooth and round:
Here view two barefoot beauties, clean and clear;
First please your eye, then gratify your ear;
Whilst Jenny what she wishes discommends,
And Peg, with better sense, true love defends.

PEGGY AND JENNY.

JENNY.

COME, Peg, let's fall to work upon this green,
This shining day will bleach our linen clean;
The water clear, the sky unclouded blue,
Will make them like a lily wet with dew.

PEGGY.

Go farther up the stream to Habbie's How^a,
Where all the sweets of spring and summer grow:
There, o'er a little cliff, 'tween two birch trees,
The water falls, and murmurs to the breeze;
A pool breast-deep, beneath as clear as glass,
Kisses with easy whirls the bordering grass:
We'll end our washing while the morning's cool,
And, when the day grows hot, we'll to the pool,

There wash ourfells.—It's healthfou now in May,
And sweetly cauler on fae warm a day.

JENNY,

Daft lassie, when we're naked, what'll ye say,
Gif our two herds come brattling down the brae,
And see us fae? That jeering fallow Pate
Wad taunting say, Haith, lasses, ye're no blate.

PEGGY.

We're far frae ony road, and out o' fight;
The lads they're feeding far beyont the height.
But tell me now, dear Jenny, (we're our lane)
What gars ye plague your wooer wi' disdain?
The nibours a' tent this as well as I,
That Roger loo's ye, yet ye carena by.
What ails ye at him? Troth, between us twa,
He's wordy you the best day e'er ye saw.

JENNY.

I dinna like him, Peggy, there's an end;
A herd mair sheepish yet I never kend.
He kames his hair indeed, and gaes right snug,
With ribbon-knots at his blue bonnet lug;
Whilk pensylie he wears a-thought a-jee,
And spreads his garters dic'd beneath his knee.
He falds his owrelay down his breast with care,
And few gangs trigger to the kirk or fair;
For a' that, he can neither sing nor say,
Except, "How d'ye?"—or, "There's a bony day."

PEGGY.

Ye dash the lad with constant slighting pride;
Hatred for love is unco fair to bide:

But

There bathe ourselves.—'Tis healthful now in May,
And sweetly cooling on so warm a day.

JENNY.

Mad girl! when we're undrest, what will you say,
If our two shepherd lads should come that way?
That jeering fellow Pate would cry in haste,
"Faith, lassies, I must say, you're not shame-fac'd."

PEGGY.

We're far from any road, and out of sight,
Our shepherds feed their flocks beyond the height.
Now we're alone, dear Jenny, let me know,
Why with neglect you plague your lover so?
By all the neighbours it is clearly seen,
That Roger loves, that you his love disdain.
What faults d'ye find? In truth, between us two,
The best day in the year he's worthy you.

JENNY.

I do not like him, Peggy, so have done;
A lad more sheepish I have never known.
Full nice he combs his hair, and trim he goes,
And decks his bonnet blue with ribbon-bows;
Which with conceited air he wears aside,
While garters fine below his knees are tied.
His cravat too's put on with nicest care,
And few go neater to the church or fair;
But what of that? He ne'er has more to say,
Than, "How d'ye do?" or, "Here's a charming day."

PEGGY.

You dash the lad with pride and slighting scorn,
Hatred for love! it is not to be borne:

But ye'll repent ye, if his love grow cauld.
 What like's a dorty maiden, when she's auld?
 Like dawted wean, that tarrows at its meat,
 That for some feckleless whim will orp and greet:
 The lave laugh at it, till the dinner's past,
 And syne the fool thing is oblig'd to fast,
 Or scart anither's leavings at the last. }
 Fy, Jenny, think, and dinna fit your time.

S A N G. *Tune, Polwart on the Green.*

The dorty will repent,
 If lover's heart grow cauld;
 And nane her smiles will tent,
 Soon as her face looks auld.

The dawted bairn thus takes the pet,
 Nor eats tho' hunger crave;
 Whimpers and tarrows at its meat,
 And's laught at by the lave.

They jeft it till the dinner's past:
 Thus by it fell abus'd,
 The fool thing is oblig'd to fast,
 Or eat what they've refus'd.

JENNY.

I never thought a fingle life a crime.

PEGGY.

Nor I—but love in whispers lets us ken,
 That men were made for us, and we for men.

JENNY.

But you'll repent, soon as his love grows cold.
 What is a haughty maid like when she's old?
 Like a spoil'd child, who quarrels with its meat,
 And frets and cries for whims, and will not eat :
 'Tis laugh'd at by the rest till dinner's past,
 And then the little fool's oblig'd to fast,
 Or take another's leavings at the last. }
 Dear Jenny, think, and do not lose your time.

S O N G.

You'll wish you had been kind,
 If lover's heart grows cold ;
 For none your smiles will mind,
 Soon as your face looks old.

The fondled child, who will not eat,
 Although by hunger prest,
 And, whimpering, quarrels with its meat,
 Is laugh'd at by the rest.

They jest it till the dinner's past :
 Thus by itself abus'd,
 The foolish thing's oblig'd to fast,
 Or eat what they've refus'd.

JENNY.

I never thought a single life a crime.

PEGGY.

Nor I—but love in whispers still has said,
 That men and we were for each other made.

JENNY.

JENNY.

If Roger is my jo, he kens himsell,
For sic a tale I never heard him tell.
He glowrs and fighs, and I can gues the cause;
But wha's oblig'd to spell his hums and haws?
Whene'er he likes to tell his mind mair plain,
I'll tell him frankly ne'er to do't again.
They're fools that slav'ry like, and may be free;
The chieles may a' knit up themselves for me.

PEGGY.

Be doing your ways; for me I have a mind
To be as yielding as my Patie's kind.

JENNY.

Heh, las! how can ye loo that rattle skull?
A very deel, that ay maun have his will.
We'll soon hear tell what a poor feightan life
You twa will lead, fae soon's ye're man and wife,

PEGGY.

I'll rin the risk, nor have I ony fear,
But rather think ilk langsome day a year
Till I with pleasure mount my bridal-bed,
Where on my Patie's breast I'll lean my head:
There he may kifs as lang as kissing's good,
And what we do, there's none dare call it rude.
He's get his will: why no! 'tis good my part
To give him that, an he'll give me his heart.

JENNY.

He may indeed for ten or fifteen days
Mak meikle o'ye, with an unco frase,

And

JENNY.

If Roger is my love, how should I know?
For sure I am he never told me so.
He looks and sighs, and I can guess the cause;
But who's oblig'd to spell his hums and ha's?
Whene'er he likes to speak his mind more plain,
I'll tell him frankly ne'er to do't again.
They're fools who slav'ry love, and may be free;
The fellows may go hang themselves for me.

PEGGY.

E'en take your way; for me, I have a mind,
To be as yielding as my Patie's kind.

JENNY.

How can you love that helter-skelter blade?
A very devil, that must be obey'd.
We soon shall hear what a poor wrangling life
You two will lead, when once you're man and wife.

PEGGY.

I'll run the risk, nor have I any fear,
But rather think each tedious day a year,
Till I with pleasure and with pride shall say,
How much I love, how willingly obey:
When I shall lay aside my maiden art,
And give him love for love with all my heart;
And by the tenderest kindness ever show
That I deserv'd the heart he did bestow.

JENNY.

He may indeed for ten or fifteen days
Make a great fuss with fondness and with praise,
Fondling

And daut ye baith afore fowk, and your lane :
 But foon as his newfangelnefs is gane,
 He'll look upon you as his tether-ftake,
 And think he's tint his freedom for your fake.
 Inftead then of lang days of sweet delyte,
 Ae day be dumb, and a' the nieft he'll flyte ;
 And may be, in his barlichoods ne'er ftick
 To lend his loving wife a loundering lick.

S A N G. *Tune, O, dear mother, what fhall I do ?*

O, dear Peggy, love's beguiling,
 We ought not to truft his fmiling ;
 Better far to do as I do,
 Left a harder luck betide you.
 Laffes, when their fancy's carry'd,
 'Think of nought but to be marry'd.
 Running to a life deftroys
 Heartsome, free, and youthfu' joys.

PEGGY.

Sic coarfe spun thoughts as that want pith to move
 My fettl'd mind ; I'm o'er far gane in love.
 Patie to me is dearer than my breath,
 But want of him I dread nae other fkaith.
 There's nane of a' the herds that tread the green
 Has fic a fmile, or fic twa glancing een :
 And then he fpeaks with fic a taking art,
 His words they thirle like mufic throw my heart.
 How blythly can he sport, and gently rave,
 And jeft at little fears that fright the lave.

Ilk

Fondling you both in public and alone:
But soon as e'er the novelty is gone,
He'll view you as the captive does his chain,
And think he lost his freedom you to gain.
Instead then of long days of sweet delight,
One he'll be dumb, next scold from morn to night;
And, may be, in his wrangling moods bestow
Upon his loving wife a hearty blow.

S O N G.

O, dear Peggy, love's beguiling,
We ought not to trust his smiling;
Better far to do as I do,
Left a harder fate betide you.
Lasses, when their fancy's carried,
Think on nought but being married;
And running to that state destroys
Both cheerful peace, and youthful joys.

PEGGY.

Such vulgar thoughts as these want pow'r to move
My settled mind—I'm too far gone in love.
Patie to me is than my life more dear;
The loss of him, the only ill I fear.
There's not a shepherd lad in many a mile
Has two such sparkling eyes, or such a smile:
And then he speaks with such a winning art,
His words they thrill like music thro' my heart.
How gently can he sport, and gaily jest,
At idle fears, that frighten all the rest.

Each

Ilk day that he's alane upon the hill,
 He reads fell books, that teach him meikel skill :
 He is—but what need I say that or this ?
 I'd spend a month to tell you what he is.
 In a' he says or does, there's sic a gate,
 The rest seem coofs compar'd with my dear Pate.
 His better sense will lang his love secure :
 Ill nature heffs in fauls are weak and poor.

S A N G. *Tune, How can I be sad on my, &c.*

How shall I be sad when a husband I hae,
 That has better sense than ony of thae
 Sour, weak, silly fellows, that study like fools,
 To sink their ain joy, and make their wives snools.
 The man who is prudent ne'er lightlies his wife,
 Or with dull reproaches encourages strife ;
 He praises her virtue, and ne'er will abuse
 Her for a small failing, but find an excuse.

J E N N Y.

Hey “ Bonny Lafs of Brankfome,” or't be lang,
 Your witty Patie will put you in a fang.
 O 'tis a pleasant thing to be a bride ;
 Syne whindging getts about your ingle-side,
 Yelping for this or that with fasheous din :
 To make them brats then ye maun toil and spin.
 Ae wean fa's sick, ane scads itsell wi' broe,
 Ane breaks his shin, anither tines his shoe.
 The “ Deel ga'es o'er John Wabster : ” hame grows hell ;
 When Pate miscaws ye war than tongue can tell.

P E G G Y.

Each day that he's alone upon the hill,
 He reads wise books, that teach him wit and skill :
 He is—but what need I say that or this ?
 I'd take a month to tell you what he is.
 In all he says or does there's such an air ;
 Compar'd with him, the rest but dolts appear.
 His better sense will long his love secure :
 Ill nature haunts the soul that's weak and poor.

S O N G.

How shall I be sad when a husband I've chose,
 That has better sense than any of those
 Sour, weak, filly fellows, like fools and like knaves,
 Who sink their own joys by making us slaves.
 The man who is prudent ne'er flights his own wife,
 Nor with dull reproaches encourages strife :
 He praises her virtues, and ne'er will abuse
 Her for a small failing, but find an excuse.

JENNY.

Ha, "Bonny Lads of Branksome!", ere 'tis long,
 Your witty Pate will put you in a song.
 O 'tis a pleasant thing a bride to be ;
 Then round your fire the whimpering brats you see,
 Squalling for this, for that, with teasing din :
 To make them rags then you must toil and spin.
 One scalds itself with broth, and one falls sick,
 One loses shoes, and one its head doth break.
 The devil rules the roast, and home grows hell ;
 Abus'd by Patrick worse than tongue can tell.

PEGGY.

PEGGY.

Yes, it's a hartsome thing to be a wife,
 When round the ingle-edge young sprouts are rife.
 Gif I'm fae happy, I shall have delight
 To hear their little plaints, and keep them tight.
 Wow, Jenny! can there greater pleasure be
 Than see sic wee tots toolying at your knee;
 When a' they ettle at—their greatest wish,
 Is to be made of, and obtain a kifs?
 Can there be toil in tenting day and night
 The like of them, when love makes care delight.

JENNY.

But poortith, Peggy, is the worst of a',
 Gif o'er your heads ill chance should begg'ry draw:
 There little love or canty chear can come
 Frae duddy doublets, and a pantry toom.
 Your nowt may die—the spate may bear away
 Frae aff the howms your dainty rucks of hay—
 The thick blawn wreaths of snaw, or blasby thows,
 May smoor your wathers, and may rot your ewes.
 A dyver buys your butter, woo, and cheese,
 But or the day of payment breaks and flees.
 With glooman brow the laird seeks in his rent:
 'Tis no to gie; your merchant's to the bent:
 His honour maunna want; he poinds your gear:
 Syne driven frae house and hald, where will ye steer?
 Dear Meg, be wise, and lead a fingle life;
 Troth, it's nae mows to be a married wife.

PEGGY.

PEGGY.

To be a wife—yes, that's a happy state,
When round the fire she sees sweet children set.
If I'm so happy, I shall take delight
To hear their little plaints, and keep them right.
O, Jenny! can there greater pleasure be
Than seeing playful infants at your knee;
When their first wish, and all they aim at, is
But to be fondled, and obtain a kiss?
Can there be toil in tending day and night
The like of them, when love makes care delight?

JENNY.

But pen'ry, Peggy, is the worst of all,
If to your lot ill chance make begg'ry fall:
Your clothes all ragged, and your dinner scant—
There's little love or mirth where there is want.
Your cattle die, and floods may bear away
From off the meadows your fine ricks of hay—
Smother'd in wreaths of snow your wethers lie,
Rotten by plashy thaws your ewes may die:
Your butter, wool, and cheese, a dealer buys,
But ere the day of payment breaks and flies.
With threat'ning look the squire his rent demands:
You've none to give; 'tis in a bankrupt's hands:
He must be paid, and seizes what is left:
Where will you go, of house and home bereft?
Dear Peg, be wife, and live a single life;
Believe me, 'tis no jest to be a wife.

D

PEGGY.

PEGGY.

May sic ill luck befa' that silly she
 Wha has sic fears, for that was never me.
 Let fowk bode weel, and strive to do their best;
 Nae mair's requir'd; let heaven make out the rest.
 I've heard my honest uncle aften say,
 That lads should a' for wives that's vertuous pray;
 For the maist thrifty man could never get
 A well stor'd room, unless his wife wad let.
 Wherefore nocht shall be wanting on my part
 To gather wealth to raise my shepherd's heart.
 Whate'er he wins, I'll guide with canny care,
 And win the vogue, at market, tron, or fair,
 For healosome, clean, cheap, and sufficient ware. }
 A flock of lambs, cheese, butter, and some woo,
 Shall first be sald to pay the laird his due:
 Syne a' behind's our ain——thus without fear,
 With love and rowth we throw the warld will steer:
 And when my Pate in bairns and gear grows rife,
 He'll blest the day he gat me for his wife.

JENNY.

But what if some young giglit on the green,
 With dimpled cheeks, and twa bewitching een,
 Shou'd gar your Patie think his half worn Meg,
 And her kend kisses, hardly worth a feg?

PEGGY.

Nae mair of that—Dear Jenny, to be free,
 There's some men constanter in love than we;
 Nor is the ferly great, when nature kind
 Has blest them with solidity of mind:

They'll

PEGGY.

May such ill luck befall that silly she
 Who has such fears; they never troubled me.
 Let's cherish hope, and strive to do our best;
 No more's requir'd; trust heaven for the rest.
 I've heard my honest uncle oft-times say,
 That lads, for wives that virtuous, all should pray;
 As the most careful man could never get
 A well-stor'd farm, unless his wife would let.
 Then nothing shall be wanting on my part
 To gather wealth to cheer my shepherd's heart.
 Whate'er he gains, I'll guide with prudent care,
 And win a name at market, tron^k, and fair,
 For wholesome, clean, and cheap sufficient ware.
 A flock of lambs, cheese, butter, and some wool,
 Shall first be sold to pay the squire in full:
 Then all behind's our own—thus, without fear,
 In love and plenty we thro' life shall steer:
 And when our children and our stores increase,
 The day I was his wife my Pate will bless.

JENNY.

But what if some young giglet on the green,
 With dimpled cheeks, bewitching eyes, be seen,
 Will make your Patie think his half-worn Peg,
 And her accustom'd kiss, scarce worth a fig.

PEGGY.

No more of that—Dear Jenny, to be free,
 Some men more constant are in love than we;
 Nor is the wonder great, when nature kind
 Has blest them with solidity of mind:

They'll reason caumly, and with kindness smile,
 When our short passions wad our peace beguile;
 Sae, whensoe'er they slight their maiks at hame,
 'Tis ten to ane their wives are maist to blame.
 Then I'll employ with pleasure a' my art
 To keep him cheerfu', and secure his heart:
 At e'en, when he comes weary frae the hill,
 I'll have a' things made ready to his will:
 In winter, when he toils throw wind and rain,
 A bleezing ingle, and a clean hearth-stane;
 And soon as he flings by his plaid and staff,
 The seething pot's be ready to tak aff;
 Clean hag-abag I'll spread upon his board,
 And serve him with the best we can afford:
 Good humour and white bigonets shall be
 Guards to my face, to keep his love for me.

JENNY.

A dish of married love right soon grows cauld,
 And dozens down to nane, as fowk grow auld.

PEGGY.

But we'll grow auld together, and ne'er find
 The loss of youth, when love grows on the mind.
 Bairns and their bairns make sure a firmer tye,
 Than aught in love the like of us can spy.
 See yon twa elms that grow up side by side,
 Suppose them some years syne bridegroom and bride;
 Nearer and nearer ilka year they've preft,
 'Till wide their spreading branches are increas'd,
 And in their mixture now are fully blest:

This

They'll reason calmly, and with kindness smile,
 When our quick passions would our peace beguile;
 So, when the wife at home meets with neglect,
 That she's in fault I'm ready to suspect.
 But I'll employ with pleasure all my art
 To keep him cheerful, and secure his heart:
 At night, when he comes weary from the hill,
 I'll have all things made ready to his will:
 In winter, when he toils thro' rain and wind,
 A blazing fire and clean hearth-stone he'll find;
 And soon as he throws by his plaid and stick,
 The boiling pot from off the fire we'll take;
 Clean huckaback I'll spread upon his board,
 And serve him with the best we can afford:
 Good humour and the nicest mobs shall be
 Guards to my face, to keep his love for me.

JENNY.

A dish of married love right soon turns cold,
 And dwindles down to none, as folk grow old.

PEGGY.

But we'll grow old together, and ne'er find
 The loss of youth, when love grows on the mind.
 Our children, and their children, form a tie,
 Stronger in love than aught that we can spy.
 See yon two elms, that grow up side by side,
 Suppose them some years since bridegroom and bride;
 Nearer and nearer every year they've prest,
 Till wide their spreading branches are increas'd,
 And in their union now completely blest:

D 3

This }

This shields the other frae the eastlin blast;
 That, in return, defends it frae the west.
 Sic as stand fingle (a state fae lik'd by you!)
 Beneath ilk storm frae every airth maun bow.

JENNY.

I've done—I yield, dear lassie, I maun yield;
 Your better sense has fairly won the field,
 With the assistance of a little fae
 Lies dern'd within my breast this mony a day.

SANG. *Tune, Nanfy's to the green-wood gane.*

I yield, dear lassie, ye have won,
 And there is nae denying,
 That sure as light flows frae the sun,
 Frae love proceeds complying;
 For a' that we can do or say
 'Gainst love nae thinker heeds us,
 They ken our bosoms lodge the fae,
 That by the heartstrings leads us.

PEGGY.

Alake, poor pris'ner! Jenny, that's no fair,
 That ye'll no let the wic thing take the air:
 Hasten, let him out; we'll tent as well's we can,
 Gif he be Bauldy's or poor Roger's man.

JENNY.

This shields the other from the eastern blast;
That, in return, defends it from the west.
Such as stand single (a state so lik'd by you!)
Beneath each storm from ev'ry point must bow.

JENNY.

I've done—I yield; dear Peggy, I must yield;
Your better sense has fairly won the field,
With the assistance of a little foe
That nestled in my breast long, long ago.

S O N G.

I yield, dear Peggy, you have won,
And there is no denying,
That, sure as light flows from the sun,
From love proceeds complying;
For all that we can say or do
'Gainst love, the wise ne'er heed us;
They know our bosoms lodge the foe,
That by the heart-strings leads us.

PEGGY.

Alas, poor pris'ner! Jenny, that's not fair,
That you'll not let the urchin take the air:
Haste, let him out, and I shall well observe
If he does Bauldy or poor Roger serve.

D 4

JENNY.

JENNY.

Anither time's as good—for see the fun
 Is right far up, and we're not yet begun
 To freath the graith; if canker'd Madge, our aunt,
 Come up the burn, she'll gie's a wicked rant;
 But when we've done, I'll tell ye a' my mind;
 For this seems true, nae lafs can be unkind.

[Exeunt.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT

JENNY.

Another time's as good—for see the fun
Is very high, and we're not yet begun
To froth our sope; and come our aunt this way,
A wicked scold we'll have for our delay;
But when we've done, I'll tell you all my mind;
For this seems true, no lafs can be unkind.

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT

 SCOTCH.

ACT II. SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

A snug thack house, before the door a green;
 Hens on the midding, ducks in dubs are seen.
 On this side stands a barn, on that a byer;
 A peet stack joins, and forms a rural square.
 The house is Glaud's—there you may see him lean,
 And to his divet seat invite his frien.

 GLAUD AND SYMON.

GLAUD.

Good morrow, nibour Symon—come, sit down,
 And gie's your cracks—What's a' the news in town?
 They tell me ye was in the ither day,
 And fald your crummock, and her baffend quey.
 I'll warrant ye've coft a pund of cut and dry:
 Lug out your box, and gie's a pipe to try.

SYMON.

With a' my heart—and tent me now, auld boy,
 I've gather'd news will kittle your mind with joy.
 I cou'dna rest till I came o'er the burn,
 To tell ye things have taken sic a turn,

Will

ENGLISH.

ACT II. SCENE I.

DESCRIPTION.

A snug thatch'd house, before the door a green;
Fowls on the dunghill, ducks in pools are seen.
On this side stands a barn, a cow-house there;
A peat-stack joins, and forms a rural square.
The house is Glaud's—there by the door he sits,
And to his seat of turf his friend invites.

GLAUD AND SYMON.

GLAUD.

Good morrow, neighbour Symon—come, sit down,
Let's have some talk—What's all the news in town?
You've sold at market, as I've heard just now,
The white-fac'd heifer, and her mother too;
And bought, no doubt, tobacco cut and dry:
Out with your box; let's have a pipe to try.

SYMON.

With all my heart—but mark me now, old boy,
I've gotten news will tickle your heart with joy.
I could not rest till I came here this morn,
To tell you things have taken such a turn,

Our

Will gar our vile oppressors stend like flaes,
And skulk in hidlings on the hether braes.

GLAUD.

Fy blaw!—Ah, Symmie! rattling chiels ne'er stand
To cleck and spread the groffest lies aff hand,
Whilk soon flies round like will-fire far and near;
Bul loose your poke, be't true or fause let's hear.

SYMON.

Seeing's believing, Glaud, and I have seen
Hab, that abroad hath with our Master been;
Our brave good Master, wha right wisely fled,
And left a fair estate to save his head,
Because ye ken fou well he bravely chose
To shine or set in glory with Montrose:
Now Cromwell's gane to Nick; and ane ca'd Monk
Has play'd the Rump a right flee begunk,
Restor'd king Charles; and ilka thing's in tune:
And Habby says, we'll see Sir William soon.

GLAUD.

That makes me blyth indeed—but dinna flaw,
Tell o'er your news again! and swear til't a'.
And saw ye Hab! and what did Halbert say?
They have been e'en a dreary time away.
Now God be thanked that our laird's come hame;
And his estate, say, can he eithly claim?

SYMON.

They that hag-rid us 'till our guts did grane,
Like greedy bairs, dare nae mair do't again,
And good Sir William shall enjoy his ain.

S A N G.

Our tyrants base trembling for deeds they've done,
Like vermin vile, to desarts now must run.

GLAUD.

Fine talk!—Oh, Symon! wags will never stand
To hatch and spread the biggest lies off-hand;
Which soon fly round like wild-fire, far and near:
But loose your budget; true or false, let's hear.

SYMON.

Seeing's believing, Glaud, and I have seen
Hab, that abroad hath with our Master been;
Our brave good Master! who right wisely fled,
And left a fair estate to save his head,
Because, you know full well, he bravely chose
To shine, or set in glory, with Montrose:
Now one call'd Monk, since Cromwell's with Old Nick,
Has shew'd the Parliament a right sly trick,
Restor'd king Charles; and ev'ry thing's in tune:
And Halbert says, we'll see Sir William soon.

GLAUD.

That makes me blithe indeed—but jest not you—
Tell o'er your news again, then swear 'tis true.
And saw you Hab! and what did Halbert say?
They've been indeed a dreary time away.
Now God be prais'd! our knight's come home again;
Say, his estates can he with ease obtain?

SYMON.

Those imps, who hagg'd us, till our hearts did groan!
Those greedy bears, now all their powers are gone,
And good Sir William shall enjoy his own.

SONG.

SANG. *Tune, Cauld Kale in Aberdeen.*

Could be the rebels cast,
Oppressors base and bloody;
I hope we'll see them at the last
Strung a' up in a woody.

Blest be he of worth and sense,
And ever high in station,
That bravely stands in the defence
Of conscience, king, and nation.

CLAUD.

And may he lang, for never did he stent
Us in our thriving with a racket rent;
Nor grumbled if ane grew rich, or shor'd to raise
Our mailens, when we pat on Sunday's claiaths.

SYMON.

Nor wad he lang, with senseless faucy air,
Allow our lyart noddles to be bare:
' Put on your bonnet, Symon——tak a seat——
' How's all at hame?—how's Elspa?—how does Kate?
' How fells black cattle?—What gies woo this year?
And sic like kindly questions wad he speare.

SANG.

SONG.

Cold be the rebels cast,
 Those bloody, base oppressors;
 I hope we'll see them at the last
 Hung up like vile transgressors.

Blest be he of worth and sense,
 And ever high in station,
 That bravely stands in the defence
 Of conscience, king, and nation.

CLAUD.

And may he long! for never did he stint
 Us in our thriving with a racking rent;
 Nor grudg'd when one got rich; nor said he'd raise
 Our farms, for looking smart and fine, on holidays.

SYMON.

Nor would he long, with senseless, saucy air,
 E'er see, our old white heads, stand by him bare:
 ' Put on your bonnet, Symon——take a seat——
 ' How're all at home?—how's Elspa? how does Kate?
 ' How sell black cattle?—how goes wool this year?'
 So kind did all his questions still appear.

SONG.

S A N G. *Tune, Mucking of Geordy's byar.*

The laird, who in riches and honour
 Wad thrive, should be kindly and free,
 Nor rack the poor tenants who labour
 To rise aboon poverty;
 Else, like the pack-horse that's unfother'd
 And burthen'd, will tumble down faint:
 Thus virtue by hardship is smother'd,
 And rackers aft tine their rent.

G L A U D.

Then wad he gar his butler bring bedeen
 The nappy bottle ben, and glasse clean,
 Whilk in our breast rais'd sic a blythsome flame,
 As gart me mony a time gae dancing hame.
 My heart's e'en rais'd!—Dear nibour, will ye slay,
 And tak your dinner here with me the day:
 We'll fend for Elspith too—and, upo' fight,
 I'll whistle Pate and Roger frae the height.
 I'll yoke my sled, and fend to the neist town,
 And bring a draught of ale, baith stout and brown;
 And gar our cottars a man, wife, and wean,
 Drink 'till they tine the gate to stand their lane.

S Y M O N.

I wadna bauk my friend his blyth design,
 Gif that it hadna first of a' been mine:

For

S O N G.

The squire who his wisdom would prove,
 Be lov'd, and be honour'd, and rich,
 Should encourage his tenants with love,
 Not greedily try to o'erreach.—
 As the horse that we starve and oppress,
 Drops down in the midst of the road,
 Thus hardships do virtue depress
 Till she fainting sinks under the load.

CLAUD.

Then quick his butler he would make appear,
 With cheering bottles, and the glasses clear,
 Which in our breasts rais'd such a pleasing flame
 That, when we left him, dancing home we came :
 So joyful is my heart, dear neighbour, stay,
 And take your dinner here with me to day—
 We'll send for Elspa too—and, upon sight,
 I'll whistle Pate and Roger from the height ;
 I'll yoke my sled, and send to the next town,
 And bring a load of ale, that's stout and brown ;
 And make our cottagers, both young and old,
 Drink till they've lost the way their feet to hold.

SYM ON.

I would not baulk my friend, his blithe design,
 If that it had not first of all been mine :—

E

With

For here yestreen I brew'd a bow of maut,
 Yestreen I slew twa wathers prime and fat;
 A furllet of good cakes my Elspa beuk,
 And a large ham hangs reefling in the nook:
 I saw myfell, or I came o'er the loan,
 Our meikle pot, that scads the whey, put on,
 A mutton bouk to boil—and ane we'll roast;
 And on the haggies Elspa spares nae cost;
 Small are they shorn, and she can mix fou nice
 The gusty ingans with a curn of spice:
 Fat are the puddings—heads and feet well sung:
 And we've invited nibours auld and young,
 To pass this afternoon with glee and game,
 And drink our Master's health and welcome hame:
 Ye maunna then refuse to join the rest,
 Since ye're my nearest friend that I like best:
 Bring wi'ye all your family; and then,
 Whene'er you please, I'll rant wi' you again.

CLAUD.

Spoke like ye'r fell, auld birky, never fear
 But at your banquet I shall first appear:
 Faith, we shall bend the bicker, and look bauld,
 'Till we forget that we are fail'd or auld:
 Auld, said I!—Troth, I'm younger by a score,
 With this good news, than what I was before:
 I'll dance or een! hey, Madge, come forth, d'ye hear?

ENTER

With plenty of strong ale my casks are fill'd,
Two good fat wethers I have lately kill'd;
Three pecks of nicest cakes bak'd by our dame,
And, hanging by the fire, a large fat ham.—
I saw myself, ere I the lane came down,
Our largest pot that makes the whey put on,
One of the sheep to boil—and one we'll roast,
And on the minc'd meat Elspa spares no cost—
Small is it chopt, and she can mix full nice
The fav'ry onion with the fav'ry spice:—
Rich are the puddings, nice the head and feet,
And neighbours old and young we do invite
To drink Sir William's health and welcome home,
And pass in mirth and glee the hours to come:
You must not then refuse to join the rest,
Since you're my nearest friend that I like best.—
Bring with you all your family; and then,
Whene'er you please, I'll feast with you again.—

CLAUD.

Spoke like yourself, old boy! and never fear
But at your banquet I shall first appear.—
Faith we shall send it round, till we look bold—
Till we forget we're either fail'd or old.—
Old, said I!—Faith I'm younger by a score
With this good news, than what I was before—
I'll dance ere night—ho! Madge, come forth, d'ye hear?

ENTER MADGE.

MADGE.

The man's gane gyte!—Dear Symon, welcome here—
What wad ye, Glaud, with a' this haste and din?
Ye never let a body fit to spin.

GLAUD.

Spin! snuff! gae break your wheel and burn your tow,
And set the meikleft peet-stack in a low;
Syne dance about the bane-fire 'till ye die,
Since now again we'll soon Sir William see.

MADGE.

Blyth news indeed! And wha was't tald you o't?

GLAUD.

What's that to you?—Gae get my Sunday's coat;
Wale out the whitest of my bobit bands,
My whyt-skin hose, and mittans for my hands;
Then frae their washing cry the bairns in haste,
And mak ye'r fells as trig, head, feet, and waist,
As ye were a' to get young lads or een;
For we're gawn o'er to dine with Sym bedeen.

SYMON.

Do, honest Madge—and, Glaud, I'll o'er the gate,
And see that a' be done as I wad hae't.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

ENTER MADGE.

MADGE.

The man's gone wild!—Dear Symon, welcome here;
What would you, Glaud, with all this noise and haste?
To spin a thread, you never let one rest.

GLAUD.

Spin! burn your tow: your wheel you next may break,
And in a flame go fet the great peat-stack—
Then round the bonfire dance till you drop down,
Since we shall see the good Sir William soon.

MADGE.

Glad news indeed! but by whom were they brought?

GLAUD.

What's that to you?—go get my Sunday's coat—
Look out the whitest of my nice fring'd bands,
My milk-white stockings, gloves too for my hands—
Then from the washing call the girls in haste,
And make yourselves as neat, head, feet, and waist,
As you were all to wed young men to day—
We dine with Symon—quick—make no delay—.

SYMON.

Do, honest Madge!—and, Glaud, I'll hasten home,
To see that all's in order when you come.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

The open field—A cottage in a glen,
 An auld wife spinning at the sunny end.
 At a small distance by a blasted tree,
 With falded arms and haff-raisd look ye see
 Bauldy his lane.

BAULDY.

WHAT's this!—I canna bear't! 'Tis war than hell,
 To be fae burnt with love, yet dar na tell!
 O Peggy, sweeter than the dawning day,
 Sweeter than gowany glens or new-mawn hay;
 Blyther than lambs that frisk out o'er the knows;
 Straighter than aught that in the forest grows.
 Her een the clearest blob of dew out-shines;
 The lily in her breast its beauty tines:
 Her legs, her arms, her cheeks, her mouth, her een,
 Will be my deid, that will be shortly seen!
 For Pate loes her!—waes me! and she loes Pate;
 And I with Neps, by some unlucky fate,
 Made a daft vow!—O! but ane be a beast,
 That makes rash aiths 'till he's afore the priest.
 I dar na speak my mind, else a' the three,
 But doubt, wad prove ilk ane my enemy:

'Tis

SCENE II.

DESCRIPTION.

The open field, and deep down in a dale,
 A little hut, where turning round her wheel
 An aged woman in the sun is set
 Warming her chilly limbs before his heat:
 At a small distance by a blasted tree,
 With folded arms and looks half wild you see
 Bauldy alone.

BAULDY.

WHAT's this! I cannot bear't—'Tis worse than hell,
 To be burnt up with love, yet dare not tell!—
 O Peggy! sweeter than the dawning day,
 Sweeter than daisy'd dales, or new-mown hay;
 Blither than lambs that frisk o'er hillocks green,
 In all the forest nought so straight is seen.—
 Her eyes like dew-drops sparkling on a rose;
 And lilies in her breast their beauties lose;
 Her legs, her arms, her cheeks, her eyes, her mouth,
 Will bring me to my grave in early youth—
 For Pate loves her—woes me! and she loves Pate—
 And I with Neps, by some unlucky fate,
 Made a rash vow—Oh! but one be an ass
 That makes rash oaths before the priest say grace.
 I dare not speak my mind, else all the three
 Doubtless would prove each one my enemy—

'Tis fair to thole—I'll try some witchcraft art,
To break with ane and win the other's heart.
Here Maufy lives, a witch, that for sma' price,
Can cast her cantraips, and give me advice:
She can o'ercaft the night, and cloud the moon,
And mak the deils obedient to her crune:
At midnight hours, o'er the kirkyard she raves,
And howks unchristen'd weans out of their graves;
Boils up their livers in a warlock's pow:
Rins withershins about the hemlock low,
And seven times does her prayers backwards pray,
'Till Plotcock comes with lumps of Lapland clay,
Mixt with the venom of black taid and snakes;
Of this unfonfy pictures aft she makes
Of any ane she hates—and gars expire
With flaw and racking pains afore a fire,
Stuck fou of prins; the devilish pictures melt;
The pain by fowk they represent is felt.
And yonder's Maufe; ay, ay, she kens fou weil,
When ane like me comes rinning to the deil:
She and her cat fit beeking in her yard;
To speak my errand, faith amaisf I'm fear'd:
But I maun do't, tho' I should never thrive;
They gallop fast, that deils and lasses drive.

[Exit,

SCENE

'Tis hard to bear—I'll try some witchcraft art
To break with one, and win the other's heart—
Now here lives Mause—a witch that for small price,
By magic arts, can give me wise advice—
She can o'ercast the night, o'er cloud the moon,
And call up devils! her errands black to run—
At midnight hours the churchyard o'er she raves,
And digs unchristen'd infants from their graves;
Then, in a wizard's scull, their livers boils,
While backward round the hemlock flame she toils;
Then she her prayers revers'd will seven times say,
Till Satan comes with lumps of Lapland clay,
Mixt with the venom, of black toads, and snakes—
Of this her baneful images she makes
Of those she hates—then causes them t' expire
With slow and racking pains before the fire—
Stuck full of pins the devilish pictures melt—
The pains by those they represent are felt.—
Yonder sits Mause—full well by her 'tis known,
When such as I unto the devil run—
She and her cat fit in the yard to bask—
Faith! I'm afraid to name what I'm to ask—
But speak I must, though I should never thrive—
They gallop fast whom maids and devils drive—

[Exit.

SCENE

SCENE III.

PROLOGUE.

A green kail-yard, a little fount,
 Where water poplin springs,
 There sits a wife with wrinkled front,
 And yet she spins and fings.

SANG. *Tune, Carle and the King come.*

MAUSE.

Peggy, now the king's come,
 Peggy, now the king's come,
 Thou may dance, and I shall fing,
 Peggy, since the king's come :
 Nae mair the hawkeys shalt thou milk,
 But change thy plaiding-coat for filk,
 And be a lady of that ilk,
 Now, Peggy, since the king's come.

ENTER BAULDY.

BAULDY.

How does auld honest lucky of the glen ?
 Ye look baith hale and feir at threescore ten.

MAUSE.

E'en twining out a thread with little din,
 And beeking my cauld limbs afore the sun.
 What brings my bairn this gate fae air at morn ?
 Is there nae muck to lead—to thresh, nae corn ?

BAULDY.

SCENE III.

DESCRIPTION.

A cottage garden, fountain cold,
Where bubbling water springs—
There sits a woman wrinkled old,
And yet she spins and sings.

SONG.

MAUSE.

Peggy, now the king's come,
Peggy, now the king's come,
Thou may'st dance, and I shall sing,
Peggy, since the king's come.
No more the cows shalt thou go milk,
But change thy coat of plaid for filk,
And be a lady of that ilk!
Peggy, since the king's come.—

ENTER BAULDY.

BAULDY.

How does old honest goody of the dale?—
At threescore ten you look both brisk and hale.—

MAUSE.

E'en twining out a thread with little din,
And basking my cold limbs before the sun.—
What brings my child this way so soon at morn?
Is there no field to dung?—to thresh no corn?—

BAULDY.

BAULDY.

Enough of baith—But something that requires
Your helping hand, employs now all my cares.

MAUSE.

My helping hand, alake! What can I do,
That underneath baith eild and poortith bow?

BAULDY.

Ay, but you're wise, and wiser far than we,
Or maist part of the parish tells a lie.

MAUSE.

Of what kind wisdom think ye I'm posselt,
That lifts my character aboon the rest?

BAULDY.

Well vers'd in herbs, and seasons of the moon,
By skilfu' charms 'tis kend what ye ha' done.

MAUSE.

What fowk say of me, Bauldy, let me hear;
Keep naithing up, ye naithing have to fear.

BAULDY.

Well, since ye bid me, I shall tell ye a'
That ilk ane talks about you, but a flaw.
When last the wind made Glaud a roofless barn;
When last the burn bore down my mither's yarn;
When Brawny elf-shot never mair came hame;
When Tibby kirk'd and there nae butter came;
When Bessy Freetock's chuffy-cheeked wean
To a fairy turn'd, and cou'dna stand its lane;
When Wattie wander'd ae night thro' the shaw,
And tint himsel amaisht amang the snaw;
When Mungo's mare stood still, and swat wi' fright,
When he brought east the Howdy under night;
When

BAULDY.

Enough of both—but something that requires
Your helping hand, employs all my desires.—

MAUSE.

My helping hand! alas! what can I do,
That underneath both age and pen'ry bow?

BAULDY.

But you are wise—above us all you're wise,
Or most part of the parish must tell lies.—

MAUSE.

Of what kind wisdom think you I'm possess,
That lifts my character above the rest?

BAULDY.

Well vers'd in herbs, and seasons of the moon,
By skilful charms 'tis known what you have done.—

MAUSE.

What folks say of me, Bauldy, let me hear,—
Keep nothing from me, nought you have to fear.

BAULDY.

Well—since that you have bid me—I'll obey,
And tell you truly what the neighbours say—
When last the wind made Glaud a roofless barn;
When last the brook bore down my mother's yarn;
When Brawny elf-shot never more came home;
When Tibby churn'd, and butter never came;
When Bessy Freetock's chopping little one
A fairy turn'd, and could not stand alone;
When Wattie wander'd all night in the wood,
And snow and fear had almost froze his blood;
When Mungo's mare stood still, and sweat for fright,
As he the midwife brought on a dark night;

When

When Bawfy shot to dead upon the green;
 And Sara tint a snood was nae mair seen;
 You, Lucky, gat the wyte of a' fell out:
 And ilka ane here dreads ye round about;
 And fae they may that mean to do do ye skaith;
 For me to wrang ye, I'll be very laith:
 But when I neist make groats, I'll strive to please
 You with a furlet of them mixt with pease.

MAUSE.

I thank ye, lad,—now tell me your demand,
 And, if I can, I'll lend my helping hand.

BAULDY.

Then, I like Peggy,—Neps is fond of me—
 Peggy likes Pate;—and Patie's bauld and flee,
 And looes sweet Meg—But Neps I downa see—
 Cou'd ye turn Patie's love to Neps, and then
 Peggy's to me,—I'd be the happiest man.

MAUSE.

I'll try my art to gar the bowls row right,
 Sae gang your ways and come again at night;
 'Gainst that time I'll some simple things prepare,
 Worth all your pease and groats, take ye na care.

BAULDY.

Well, Maufe, I'll come, gif I the road can find;
 But if ye raise the deil, he'll raise the wind;
 Syne rain and thunder, may be, when 'tis late,
 Will make the night sae mirk, I'll tine the gate.
 We're a' to rant in Symmie's at a feast,
 O will ye come like badrans for a jest;

And

When Bawfy dropt down dead upon the green,
 And Sarah lost a fillet ne'er more seen;—
 You, Goody, got the blame of all fell out^m,
 And every neighbour dreads you all about;—
 And so they may, that mean to do you ill;—
 For me, I ne'er shall wrong you with my will:
 But when I next make groats, I'll strive to please
 You with three pecks of them, well mixt with pease.

MAUSE.

Thank you, my lad! now tell me your demand,
 And, if I can, I'll lend my helping hand.

BAULDY.

Then I love Peggy—Neps is fond of me—
 Peggy loves Patie—brave and sly is he—
 And loves Sweet Peg—but Neps I hate to see. }
 Could you turn Patie's love to Neps—and then
 Peggy's to me—I'd be the happiest man!—

MAUSE.

I'll try my art to make the bowls run right—
 So go away and come again at night;
 By that time I'll some simple things prepare,
 Worth all your pease and groats—so banish care.—

BAULDY.

Well, Maufe, I'll come, if I the road can find;—
 But if you raise the devil, he'll raise the wind;—
 Then, when 'tis late, the rain and thunder may
 So dismal make the night, I'll lose my way.
 We're all to meet at Symon's at a feast,
 O! come you like a cat, just for a jest!

And

And there ye can our different haviours spy;
There's nane shall ken o't there but you and I.

MAUSE.

'Tis like I may—but let na on what's past
'Tween you and me, else fear a kittle cast.

BAULDY.

If I aught of your secrets e'er advance,
May ye ride on me ilka night to France.

[Exit BAULDY.]

MAUSE HERLANE.

This fool imagines, as do mony sic,
That I'm a witch in compact with Auld Nick,
Because by education I was taught
To speak and act aboon their common thought:
Their gross mistake shall quickly now appear;
Soon shall they ken what brought, what keeps me here.
Now since the royal Charles, and right's restor'd,
A shepherdess is daughter to a lord.
The *bonny foundling* that's brought up by Glaud,
Wha has an uncle's care on her bestow'd,
Her infant life I fav'd, when a false friend
Bow'd to th' Usurper, and her death design'd,
To establish him and his in all these plains
That by right heritage to her pertains:
She's now in her sweet bloom, has blood and charms
Of too much value for a shepherd's arms:
Nane kens't but me;—and if the morn were come,
I'll tell them tales will gar them a' sing dumb.

SCENE

And then you can our different manners spy;
There's none shall know that's there, save you and I.

MAUSE.

Most like I may—but tell not you what's past
'Tween you and me—or dread some woful cast.

BAULDY.

If I aught of your secrets e'er advance,
May you ride on me every night to France.

[Exit BAULDY.]

MAUSE ALONE.

This fool imagines, as do many such,
I've bargain'd with the Devil, and am a witch—
Because by education I've been taught
To speak and act above their common thought—
Their gross-mistakes shall quickly now appear;
Soon shall they know what brought, what keeps me here,
Now since the royal Charles and right's restor'd,
A shepherdess is daughter to a lord,—
This *pretty foundling* that's brought up by Glau'd,
Who has an uncle's care on her bestow'd,
Her infant life I sav'd, when a false friend
Bow'd to the Usurper, and her death design'd,
To give him and his heirs right to those plains
That by inheritance are her domains:—
She's now in life's sweet bloom, has blood and charms
Of too much value for a shepherd's arms:
None knows but I;—and if the morn were come,
I'll tell them tales will make them all sit dumb.

F

SCENE

SCENE IV.

PROLOGUE.

Behind a tree upon the plain
 Pate and his Peggy meet,
 In love without a vicious stain,
 The bonny lads and chearfu' swain
 Change vows and kisses sweet.

PATIE AND PEGGY.

PEGGY.

O PATIE, let me gang, I maunna stay;
 We're baith cry'd hame, and Jenny she's away.

PATIE.

I'm laith to part fae soon now we're alane,
 And Roger he's away with Jenny gane;
 They're as content, for aught I hear or see,
 To be alane themselves, I judge, as we.
 Here, where primroses thickest paint the green,
 Hard by this little burnie let us lean:
 Hark how the lav'rocks chant aboon our heads,
 How fast the westlin winds fough through the reeds!

PEGGY.

The scented meadows—birds—and healthy breeze,
 For aught I ken, may mair than Peggy please.

PATIE.

Ye wrang me fair, to doubt my being kind;
 In speaking fae, ye ca' me dull and blind,

Gif

SCENE IV.

DESCRIPTION.

Behind a tree upon the plain
 Pate and his Peggy meet,
 In love which not one thought doth stain,
 The pretty lass and cheerful swain
 Change vows and kisses sweet.

PATIE AND PEGGY.

PEGGY.

O PATIE, let me go—I must not stay,
 We're both call'd home, and Jenny she's away.

PATIE.

I'm loth to part so soon now we're alone,
 And Roger he is off with Jenny gone;—
 If I may judge from what I hear or see
 They're as content to be alone as we.—
 Here, where primroses thickest paint the green,
 Near by this little riv'let let us lean:
 Hark how the larks are chanting o'er our heads!—
 How soft the western winds sigh through the reeds!

PEGGY.

The scented meadows—birds—and healthy breeze,
 For aught I know, may more than Peggy please.

PATIE.

You wrong me much, to doubt my being kind;
 In speaking so, you call me dull and blind,—

Gif I could fancy aught's fae sweet or fair
As my sweet Meg, or worthy of my care.
Thy breath is sweeter than the sweetest brier,
Thy cheek and breast the finest flow'rs appear:
Thy words excel the maist delightfu' notes
That warble through the merle or mavis' throats:
With thee I tent nae flowers that busk the field,
Or ripest berries that our mountains yield:
The sweetest fruits that hing upon the tree
Are far inferior to a kifs of thee.

PEGGY.

But Patrick for some wicked end may fleech,
And lambs should tremble when the foxes preach.
I darna stay,—ye joker, let me gang,
Or swear ye'll never tempt to do me wrang.

PATIE.

Sooner a mother shall her fondness drap,
And wrank the bairn sits smiling on her lap:
The sun shall change, the moon to change shall cease,
The gaits to clim,—the sheep to yield the fleece,
Ere ought by me be either said or doon,
Shall do thee wrang, I swear by all aboon.

PEGGY.

Then keep your aith——but mony lads will swear,
And be mansworn to twa in half a year:
Now I believe ye like me wonder weel;
But if anither las's your heart shou'd steal,
Your Meg, forsaken, bootless might relate
How she was daunted anes by faithless Pate.

PATIE.

If I could fancy aught so sweet or fair
 As my dear Peg, or worthy of my care.—
 Thy breath excels sweet-brier that scents the gale,
 Thy cheeks and breast the flowers that paint the vale:—
 Thy words excel the most delightful note
 That warbles through the thrush or blackbird's throat:
 With thee I heed no flower that decks the field,
 Or ripest berries that our mountains yield:—
 The sweetest fruits that hang upon the tree
 Are far inferior to one kiss of thee.

PEGGY.

To sooth and then deceive, you may dissemble,
 And when the foxes preach the lambs should tremble.
 You fly one, let me go—I dare not stay,
 Or swear my innocence you'll ne'er betray.

PATIE.

Sooner unnatural shall a mother be,
 And wrong the babe that smiles upon her knee:
 The sun shall change, the moon to change shall cease,
 The goats to climb, the sheep to yield the fleece,
 Ere word or thought of mine shall wrong my love,—
 I swear by yon bright sun—by all above.—

PEGGY.

Then keep your oath—but many lads will swear,
 And perjur'd be to two in one half year:—
 Now that you like me wond'rous well I see,
 But should another steal your heart from me,
 Forfaken Peg might unredress'd relate
 How she was once belov'd by faithless Pate.

PATIE.

I'm sure I canna change, ye needna fear,
 Tho' we're but young, I've loo'd you mony a year;
 I mind it well, when thou cou'dst hardly gang,
 Or lisp out words, I choos'd ye frae the thrang
 Of a' the bairns, and led thee by the hand,
 Aft to the tanfy know or rashy strand;
 Thou smiling by my side,—I took delight
 To pou the rashes green with roots sae white,
 Of which, as well as my young fancy cou'd,
 For thee I plet the flow'ry belt and snood.

PEGGY.

When first thou gade with shepherds to the hill,
 And I to milk the ews first try'd my skill,
 To bear a leglen was nae toil to me,
 When at the bught at ev'n I met with thee.

SANG. *Tune, Winter was cauld, and my Cleathing was thin,*

PEGGY.

When first my dear laddie gade to the green hill,
 And I at ewe-milking first sey'd my young skill,
 To bear the milk-bowie no pain was to me,
 When I at the bughting forgather'd with thee.

PATIE.

When corn riggs wav'd yellow, and blew hether bells
 Bloom'd bonny on moorland and sweet rising fells.
 Nae birns, brier, or breckens, gave trouble to me,
 If I found the berries right ripen'd for thee.

PEGGY.

PATIE.

I'm sure I cannot change,—you need not fear,
 Though we're but young I've lov'd you many a year:—
 I mind it well, ere thou could'st walk along,
 Or lisp out words, I chose thee from the throng—
 Of little ones,—and led thee by the hand,
 Oft to the tanfy bank or rushy strand;
 Thou smiling by my side,—I took delight
 To pull the rushes green with roots so white,
 Which mixt with flowers to belts and garlands wove,
 As my young fancy taught, bedeck'd my loveⁿ.

PEGGY.

When first thou went'st with shepherds to the hill,
 And I to milk the ewes first tried my skill,
 To bear the milking pail ne'er gave me pain,
 When at the fold on nights I met my swain.

S O N G.

PEGGY.

When first my dear lad he went to the green hill,
 And I at ewe-milking first tried my young skill,
 The milk-pail to carry no pain was to me,
 If at the sheep-folding I chanc'd to meet thee.

PATIE.

When corn fields wav'd yellow, and purple heath bells,
 Bloom'd lovely on moorlands and sweet rising hills,
 What ever gave trouble was nothing to me,
 If I found the berries right ripen'd for thee.

PEGGY.

When thou ran, or wrestled, or putted the stane,
 And came off the victor, my heart was ay fane;
 Thy ilka sport manly gave pleasure to me;
 For nane can putt, wrestle, or run swift as thee.

PATIE.

Our Jenny sings fastly the "Cowden broom knows,"
 And Rosie liltis swiftly the "Milking the ews;"
 There's few "Jenny Nettles" like Nanfy can sing,
 At "Throw the wood laddie," Bess gars our lugs ring.
 But when my dear Peggy sings with better skill,
 The "Boatman, Tweed-side, or the Lads of the Mill,"
 'Tis mony times sweeter and pleasing to me;
 For tho' they sing nicely, they cannot like thee.

PEGGY.

How easy can lasses trow what they desire!
 And praises sae kindly increas'es love's fire;
 Give me still this pleasure, my study shall be,
 To make myself better and sweeter for thee.

PATIE.

When corns grew yellow, and the hether-bells
 Bloom'd bonny on the moor and rising fells,
 Nae birns, or briers, or whins, e'er troubled me,
 Gif I cou'd find blae berries ripe for thee.

PEGGY.

When thou didst wrestle, run, or putt the stane,
 And wan the day, my heart was flightering fane:
 At all these sports thou still gave joy to me;
 For nane can wrestle, run, or putt with thee.

PATIE.

Jenny sings fast the "Broom of Cowden knows,"
 And Rosie liltis the "Milking of the ews;"

There's

PEGGY.

When thou ran'st, or wrestled, or putt'd the stone,
My heart beat with gladness, when thou the prize won.
Thy every sport manly gave pleasure to me,
For none can putt, wrestle, or run swift as thee.

PATIE.

Our Jenny sings softly the "Cowden broom knows,"
And Rosie chants sweetly the "Milking the ewes,"
And few "Jenny Nettles" like Nancy can sing,
In "Through the wood laddie," Bess makes our ears ring.
But when my dear Peggy sings with better skill,
The "Boatman, Tweed-side, or the Lass of the Mill,"
'Tis many times sweeter and pleasing to me,
For though they sing well, yet they cannot like thee.

PEGGY.

How easy can lasses trust what they desire!
And praising so kindly increases love's fire:
Give me still this pleasure, my study shall be
To make myself better and sweeter for thee.

PATIE.

When corn grew yellow, and the sweet heath-bells,
Bloom'd lovely on the moors and rising hills,
Furze, briars, or new-burnt heath ne'er troubled me,
If I found purple berries ripe for thee.

PEGGY.

When thou didst wrestle, run, or putt the stone,
My heart with gladness beat when thou didst win:
At all these sports thou still gav'st joy to me,
For none can wrestle, run, or putt like thee.

PATIE.

Jenny sings soft the "Broom of Cowden knows,"
And Rosie chants the "Milking of the ewes;"

In

There's nane, like Nanfy, "Jenny Nettles" fings:
 At turns in "Maggy Lawder," Marion dings:
 But when my Peggy fings with sweeter skill
 The "Boatman," or the "Lafs of Patie's Mill,"
 It is a thousand times mair sweet to me;
 Tho' they fing well, they canna fing like thee.

PEGGY.

How eith can lassies trow what we desire,
 And, roos'd by them we love, blows up the fire;
 But wha loves best, let time and carriage try;
 Be constant, and my love shall time defy.
 Be still as now, and a' my care shall be,
 How to contrive what pleafant is for thee.

PATIE.

Wert thou a giglet gawky like the lave,
 That little better than our nowt behave,
 At naught they'll ferly, senseless tales believe,
 Be blyth for silly hechts, for trifles grieve—
 Sic ne'er cou'd win my heart, that kenna how
 Either to keep a prize, or yet prove true:
 But thou in better sense, without a flaw,
 As in thy beauty, far excels them a'.
 Continue kind, and a' my care shall be,
 How to contrive what pleasing is for thee.

PEGGY.

Agreed;—but harken, yon's auld aunty's cry,
 I ken they'll wonder what can make us stay.

PATIE.

And let them ferly,—now a kindly kifs,
 Or five score good anes wad not be amifs;

And

In "Jenny Nettles" Nancy does surpass:
For "Maggy Lauder" Marion is the lass;
But when my Peggy sings with better skill
The "Boatman," or the "Lass of Patie's Mill,"
It is a thousand times more sweet to me;—
Though they sing well—they cannot sing like thee.—

PEGGY.

With ease we soon believe what we desire,
And, prais'd by one we love, blows up the fire;
But who loves best, let time and conduct try,
Be constant, and my love shall time defy.—
Be still as now, and all my care shall be,
How to contrive what pleasing is for thee.

PATIE.

Like many a one, a gigling fool wert thou,
Who seem as void of breeding as a cow,
At nought they'll wonder—senseless tales believe,—
Be glad for trifles, and for trifles grieve—
Such ne'er could win my love, that know not how
Either to keep a heart, or yet prove true:—
Without a flaw, much better sense thou hast,
And beauty too, that far excels the rest.
Continue kind, and all my care shall be,
How to contrive what pleasing is to thee.

PEGGY.

Now we're agreed;—but, hark! we must away,
My aunt doth call,—they'll wonder at our stay.—

PATIE.

And let them wonder—now a kindly kiss,
Or five score good ones would not be amiss;—

And

And syne we'll sing the sang with tunefu' glee,
That I made up last owk on you and me.

PEGGY.

Sing first, syne claim your hyre—

PATIE.

Well, I agree.

SANG. *To its aye Tune.*

PATIE.

By the delicious warmness of thy mouth,
And rowing eye that smiling tells the truth,
I guess, my lassie, that as well as I,
Ye're made for love, and why should ye deny?

PEGGY.

But ken ye, lad, gif we confers o'er soon,
Ye think us cheap, and syne the wooing's done:
The maiden that o'er quickly tynes her power,
Like unripe fruit will taste but hard and sour.

PATIE.

But gin they hing o'er lang upon the tree,
Their sweetness they may tyne, and sae may ye;
Red-cheek'd ye compleatly ripe appear,
And I have thol'd and woo'd a lang half year.

PEGGY (*falling into Patie's arms.*)

Then dinna pow me, gently thus I fa'
Into my Patie's arms, for good and a':
But stint your wishes to this kind embrace,
And mint nae farther till we've got the grace.

PATIE

And then the song we'll sing with mirth and glee,
That I last week made up on you and me.

PEGGY.

Sing first, then claim your hire—

PATIE.

Well, I agree.—

S O N G.

PATIE.

By all the smiling beauties of thy mouth,
And soften'd eyes that sweetly tell the truth,
I guess, my lass, that thou as well as I,
Art made for love, then why should'st thou deny?

PEGGY.

But know ye, lad, if we confess too soon,
You think us cheap, and then the wooing's done :
The maiden that too soon gives up her pow'r,
Like unripe fruit will taste but hard and sour.

PATIE.

But if they hang too long upon the tree,
Their sweetness they may lose, and so may ye :
Like full ripe fruit your glowing cheeks appear,
And I have sigh'd and woo'd a long half year.

PEGGY (*falling into his arms.*)

Then do not pull me, gently thus I fall
Into my Patie's arms for good and all :
But don't betray your trust, and there's my hand
Whene'er the priest says grace, you shall command.

PATIE.

PATIE (*with his left hand about her waist.*)

O charming armfu' ! hence ye cares away,
I'll kiss my treasure a' the live lang day ;
All night I'll dream my kisses o'er again,
Till that day come that ye'll be a' my ain.

SUNG BY BOTH.

Sun, gallop down the westlin skies,
Gang soon to bed, and quickly rise ;
O lash your steeds, post time away,
And haste about our bridal-day ;
And if you're weary'd, honest light,
Sleep, gin ye like, a week that night.

[*Let down the curtain, and let them kiss.*]

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT

PATIE (*with his left hand about her waist.*)

O charming trust! away, my cares away,
I'll kiss my treasure all the live long day;
And when 'tis night, then I shall dream of thee,
'Till that one comes that gives thee all to me.

SUNG BY BOTH.

Sun, gallop down the western skies,
Go soon to bed, and quickly rise;
O lash your steeds, post time away,
And haste about that happy day;
Then, if you're weary, honest light,
Take a whole week to make one night.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT

SCOTCH.

ACT III. SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

Now turn your eyes beyond yon spreading lyme,
 And tent a man whase beard seems bleech'd with time;
 Ane elwand fills his hand, his habit mean,
 Nae doubt ye'll think he has a pedlar been;
 But whisft it is the knight in masquerade,
 That comes hid in this cloud to see his lad.
 Observe how pleas'd the loyal suff'rer moves
 Throw his auld av'news, anes delightfu' groves.

SIR WILLIAM SOLUS.

THE gentleman, thus hid in low disguise,
 I'll for a space, unknown, delight mine eyes
 With a full view of ev'ry fertile plain,
 Which once I lost—which now are mine again.
 Yet, 'midst my joys, some prospects pains renew,
 Whilst I my once fair feat in ruins view.
 Yonder, ah me! it desolately stands,
 Without a roof, the gates fall'n from their bands;
 The casements all broke down, no chimney left,
 The naked walls of tap'try all bereft.

My

ENGLISH.

ACT III. SCENE I.

DESCRIPTION.

Now turn your eyes beyond yon spreading lime,
Observe a man, whose beard seems bleach'd with time;
A yard wand in his hand; his habit mean;
No doubt you think he has a pedler been—
But, hush! the knight has this disguise put on,
And comes in masquerade to see his son.—
Observe how pleas'd the loyal sufferer moves
Through his old avenues, once delightful groves.

SIR WILLIAM SOLUS.

THE gentleman thus hid in low disguise,
I'll for a space unknown delight mine eyes
With a full view of every fertile plain,
Which once I lost, which now are mine again.
Yet, 'midst my joys, some prospects pains renew,
Whilst I my once fair seat in ruins view.
Yonder, ah me! how desolate it looks,
Without a roof; the gates fall'n of their hooks,
The casements broken down, no chimney left,
The naked walls of tapestry all bereft.

G

My

My stables and pavilions, broken walls!
That with each rainy blast decaying falls:
My gardens once adorn'd the most compleat,
With all that nature, all that art makes sweet;
Where round the figur'd green and pebble walks,
The dewy flow'rs hung nodding on their stalks:
But, overgrown with nettles, docks, and brier,
No jaccacincths or eglantines appear.
Here fail'd and broke's the rising ample shade,
Where peach and nect'rine trees their branches spread,
Basking in rays, and early did produce
Fruit fair to view, delightful in the use;
All round in gaps the walls in ruin lie,
And from what stands the wither'd branches fly.
These soon shall be repair'd;—and now my joy
Forbids all grief—when I'm to see my boy,
My only prop, and object of my care,
Since heaven too soon call'd home his mother fair:
Him, e'er the rays of reason clear'd his thought,
I secretly to faithful Symon brought,
And charg'd him strictly to conceal his birth
Till we shou'd see what changing times brought forth.
Hid from himself, he starts up by the dawn,
And ranges careless o'er the height and lawn
After his fleecy charge, serenely gay,
With other shepherds whistling o'er the day.
Thrice happy life! that's from ambition free,
Remov'd from crowns and courts how chearfully
A calm contented mortal spends his time
In health, his soul unstain'd with crime.

S A N G.

My stables, and pavilions, ruins all!
That with each rainy blast decaying fall.
My gardens, once adorn'd the most complete,
With all that nature, all that art makes sweet;
Where round the figur'd green, and pebbled walks,
The dewy flowers hung nodding on their stalks:
But, overgrown with nettles, docks, and brier,
No hyacinths or eglantines appear.
Here fail'd and broke's the ample rising shade
Where peach and nect'rine trees their branches spread,
Basking in sunbeams, early did produce
Fruit fair to view, delightful in the use:
All fall'n in gapes the walls in ruins lie,
And from what stands, the wither'd branches fly.
These soon shall be repair'd;—and now my joy
Forbids all grief—when I'm to see my boy,
My sole support, and object of my care,
Since heav'n too soon call'd home his mother fair.
Him, ere the rays of reason clear'd his thought,
I secretly to faithful Symon brought,
Charging him strictly to conceal his birth
'Till we should see what changing times brought forth.
Hid from himself, he starts up by the dawn,
And ranges careless o'er the heights and lawn
After his fleecy charge, serenely gay,
With other shepherds whistling out the day.
Thrice happy life! that's from ambition free,
Removed from crowns and courts how cheerfully
A calm contented mortal spends his time
In health and peace, with soul unstain'd by crime.

S A N G. *Tune, Happy Clown.*

Hid from himself, now by the dawn
 He starts as fresh as roses blawn,
 And ranges o'er the heights and lawn,
 After his bleeting flocks.
 Healthful, and innocently gay,
 He chants and whistles out the day:
 Untaught to smile, and then betray,
 Like courtly weathercocks.
 Life happy from ambition free,
 Envy and vile hypocrisie,
 When truth and love with joy agree,
 Unfullied with a crime:
 Unmov'd with what disturbs the great,
 In propping of their pride and state,
 He lives, and, unafraid of fate,
 Contented spends his time.

Now tow'rds good Symon's house I'll bend my way,
 And see what makes yon gamboling to-day;
 All on the green, in a fair wanton ring,
 My youthful tenants gaylie dance and sing.

[*Exit Sir William.*]

SCENE

S O N G.

Hid from himself, by early light,
 As new blown roses, fresh and bright,
 He ranges o'er the lawn and height
 After his bleating flocks;
 Healthful, and innocently gay,
 He chants and whistles out the day;
 Untaught to smile, and then betray,
 Like courtly weathercocks.
 Blest life that's from ambition free,
 Envy, and vile hypocrisy,
 Where truth and love, with joy agree,
 Polluted with no crime:
 Unmov'd with what disturbs the great,
 Supporting of their pride and state,
 He lives, and, ne'er mistrusting fate,
 Contented spends his time,

Now to good Symon's house I'll bend my way
 And see what makes yon gamboling to-day;
 All on the green in a fair wanton ring,
 My youthful tenants gaily dance and sing.

[Exit Sir William.]

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

'Tis Symon's house, please to step in
 And viffy't round and round,
 There's nought superfluous to give pain,
 Or costly to be found.
 Yet all is clean: a clear peat ingle
 Glances amidst the floor:
 The green horn spoons, beech luggies mingle
 On skelfs forgainst the door.
 While the young brood sport on the green,
 The auld anes think it best,
 With the brown cow to clear their een,
 Snuff, crack, and take their rest.

SYMON, GLAUD, AND ELSPA.

GLAUD.

WE anes were young our fells—I like to see
 The bairns bob round with other merrylic:
 Troth, Symon, Patie's grown a strapan lad,
 And better looks than his I never bade;
 Amang our lads he bears the gree awa':
 And tells his tale the cleverest of them a'.

ELSPA.

Poor man!—he's a great comfort to us baith;
 God mak him good, and hide him ay frae skaith.

He

SCENE II.

DESCRIPTION.

'Tis Symon's house, please to step in
 And view it round and round;
 There's nought superfluous to give pain,
 Or costly to be found.
 Yet all is clean—a fire of peats
 Is blazing on the floor.
 The green horn spoons, beech bowls and plates
 On shelves that front the door.
 The young folks on the green dance light,
 The old ones think it best
 With good brown ale to clear their sight,
 Take snuff, and chat, and rest.

 SYMON, GLAUD, AND ELSPA.

GLAUD.

WE once were young ourselves—I like to see
 The young folks foot it round so merrily:
 Troth, Symon, Patie's grown a handsome lad
 As one could wish, he's tall and tightly made;
 Amongst our youths I think he bears the bell,
 And best amongst them all he tells his tale.

ELSPA.

He's a great comfort to us both, poor lad,
 God make him good, and keep him from what's bad;

He is a bairn, I'll say't, well worth our care,
That gae us ne'er vexation late or air.

GLAUD.

I trow, goodwife, if I be not mistane,
He seems to be with Peggy's beauty tane,
And troth, my niece is a right dainty wean,
As ye well ken; a bonnyer needna be,
Nor better—be't she were nae kin to me.

SYMON.

Ha, Glaud! I doubt that ne'er will be a match,
My Patie's wild, and will be ill to catch;
And or he were, for reasons I'll no tell,
I'd rather be mixt with the mools mysell.

GLAUD.

What reason can ye have? There's nane I'm sure,
Unless he may cast up that she's but poor:
But gif the lassie marry to my mind
I'll be to her as my ain Jenny kind;
Fourscore of breeding ews of my ain birn,
Five ky that at ae milking fills a kirn,
I'll gie to Peggy that day she's a bride;
By and attour, if my good luck abide,
Ten lambs, at spaining-time, as lang's I live,
And twa quey cawfs I'll yearly to them give.

ELSPA.

Ye offer fair, kind Glaud, but dinna speer
What may be is not fit ye yet should hear.

SYMON.

Or this day eight-days likely he shall learn
That our denial disna slight his bairn.

GLAUD.

He's well worth all our care, that I will say,
And ne'er gave us vexation, night nor day.

GLAUD.

I think, my dame, if I am not mistaken,
He seems to be with Peggy's beauty taken:
She is a tidy maid as one can see,
And well you know, more pretty need not be,
Nor better, though she were no kin to me.

SYMON.

Ha, Glaud! I doubt that ne'er will be a match,
My Patie's arch, and will be ill to catch;
And ere he were, for reasons that I know,
I rather would be in the earth laid low.

GLAUD.

What reasons can you have? there's none I'm sure,
Unless you slighting say that she is poor;
But if that Peggy marries to my mind
I'll be to her as my own Jenny kind;
With my own mark, fourscore of teeming ewes;
That fill a churn at once, five good milch cows,
I'll give to Peggy, that day she's a bride,
O'er and above, if my good luck abide,
Ten lambs at weaning time, as long's I live,
And two cow-calves I'll yearly to them give.

ELSPA.

Ye offer fair, kind Glaud! but ask not now
What may be is not fit that you should know.

SYMON.

Ere this day week some things may come to light
Will shew him our denial is no flight.

GLAUD.

GLAUD.

Well, nae mair o't;—come, gi's the other bend,
We'll drink their healths, whatever way it end.

[*Their healths gae round.*]

SYMON.

But will ye tell me, Glaud? By some 'tis said
Your niece is but a *fundling*, that was laid
Down at your hallon-side, ae morn in May,
Right clean row'd up, and bedded on dry hay.

GLAUD.

That clattern Madge, my titty, tells sic flaws,
Whene'er our Meg her cankart humour gaws.

ENTER JENNY.

JENNY.

O father! there's an auld man on the green,
The fellest fortune-teller e'er was seen:
He tents our loofs, and syne whops out a book,
Turns owre the leaves, and gies our brows a look:
Syne tells the oddest tales that e'er ye heard;
His head is gray, and lang and gray his beard,

SYMON.

Gae bring him in, we'll hear what he can say,
Nane shall gang hungry by my house to-day.

[*Exit* JENNY.]

But for his telling fortunes, troth, I fear
He kens nae mair of that than my gray mare.

GLAUD.

Spae men! the truth of a' their saws I doubt,
For greater liars never ran thereout.

Returns

GLAUD.

Whatever way it ends let's have a glass,
And drink good health to both the lad and lass.

[*Their healths go round.*]

SYMON.

But will you tell me, Glaud? by some 'tis said
Your niece is but a foundling, that was laid
Down at your door, upon a morn in May,
Nicely wrapt up, and bedded on new hay,

GLAUD.

My chattering sifter Madge such stuff reports
Whenever Peg her wayward humour thwarts.

ENTER JENNY.

JENNY.

O father! there's an old man on the green,
The clev'rest fortune-teller e'er was seen:
He views our palms, and then pulls out a book,
Turns o'er the leaves, and gives our brows a look:
Then tells the oddest tales that e'er were heard;
His head is grey, and long and grey his beard.

SYMON.

Go bring him in, we'll hear what he can say;
None shall go hungry by my house to-day.

[*Exit JENNY.*]

But for his fortune-telling, faith I fear
He knows no more of that than my grey mare.

GLAUD.

In fortune-tellers' tales I always doubt,
For greater liars do not go about.

JENNY

Returns JENNY bringing in SIR WILLIAM;
with them PATIE.

SYMON.

Ye're welcome, honest carle—here, tak a seat.

SIR WILLIAM.

I give ye thanks, goodman, Ise no be blate.

GLAUD (*drinks.*)

Come, t'ye, friend—How far came ye the day?

SIR WILLIAM.

I pledge ye, nibour, e'en but little way:
Rousted with eild, a wie piece gate seems lang,
Twa miles or three's the maist that I dow gang.

SYMON.

Ye're welcome here to stay all night wi' me,
And tak sic bed and board as we can gi'e.

SIR WILLIAM.

That's kind unfought:—Well, gin ye have a bairn
That ye like well, and wad his fortune learn,
I shall employ the farthest of my skill
To spae it faithfully, be't good or ill.

SYMON (*pointing to PATIE.*)

Only that lad—alack! I have nae mae,
Either to mak me joyfu' now or wae.

SIR WILLIAM.

Young man, let's see your hand—what gars ye fneer?

PATIE.

Because your skill's but little worth, I fear.

SIR

JENNY returns bringing in SIR WILLIAM;
with them PATIE.

SYMON.

You're welcome, friend, here, take a seat by me.

SIR WILLIAM.

I give you thanks, and shall not bashful be.

GLAUD.

Friend, to your health;—How far came you to-day?

SIR WILLIAM.

I pledge you, neighbour, but a little way :
Rufted with age, short roads seem long to me,
The most that I can go's two miles or three.

SYMON.

Here stay with me to-night, and take your rest,
Such as I have, you're welcome to the best.

SIR WILLIAM.

That's kind unask'd—a fav'rite child have you
Whom you love well, and would his fortune know,
I shall employ the utmost of my skill
To tell it truly, be it good or ill.

SYMON (*pointing to PATIE.*)

Only that lad—alas! I have no more,
Either to please my heart or make it sore.

SIR WILLIAM.

Young man, shew me your hand--what makes you sneer?

PATIE.

Because your skill's but little worth, I fear.

SIR

SIR WILLIAM.

Ye cut before the point—but billy, byde,
I'll wager there's a mouse-mark on your side.

ELSPA.

Beteech-us-to! and well I wat that's true;
Awa, awa, the deel's owre girt wi' you:
Four inch aneath his oxter is the mark,
Scarce ever seen since he first wore a fark.

SIR WILLIAM.

I tell ye mair, if this young lad be spair'd
But a short while, he'll be a braw rich laird.

ELSPA.

A laird!—Hear ye, goodman—What think ye now?

SYMON.

I dinna ken! Strange auld man, what art thou?
Fair fa' your heart, 'tis good to bode of wealth;
Come, turn the timmer to laird Patie's health.

[PATIE'S health gaes round.

PATIE.

A laird of twa good whistles and a kent,
Twa curs, my trusty tenants on the bent,
Is a' my great estate—and like to be;
Sae cunning carle, ne'er break your jokes on me.

SYMON.

Whisht, Patie—let the man look owre your hand,
Aftymes as broken a ship has come to land.

[SIR WILLIAM looks a little at PATIE's hand, then
counterfeits falling into a trance, while they endea-
vour to lay him right.]

ELSPA.

SIR WILLIAM.

You cut before the point—judge me when try'd,
I'll wager there's a mouse-mark on your side.

ELSPA.

The Lord protect us!—I know well that's true;
Away, away—the devil's too great with you:
The mark's beneath his arm-pit inches four,
Scarce ever seen since he a shirt first wore.

SIR WILLIAM.

I'll tell you more—in a short time you'll see
That this young man a fine rich 'squire will be.

ELSPA.

Husband, d'ye hear—a 'squire! What think ye now?

SYMON.

I do not know—Strange old man, what art thou?
But bless your heart—'tis good to promise wealth;
Come, fill a bumper to 'squire Patie's health.

[PATIE's health goes round.]

PATIE.

A sheep-crook and two flutes—of these I'm squire,
Two trusty dogs, my faithful tenants are;
Such is my great estate, and like to be,
So cunning man, don't break your jests on me.

SYMON.

Hush, Patie, let the man look o'er your hand,
Ofttimes as broken a ship has made the land.

[SIR WILLIAM looks at PATIE's hand, then counter-
feits a faint, whilst they endeavour to place him
right.]

ELSPA.

ELSPA.

Preserve's!—the man's a warlock, or posselt
 With some nae good, or second-fight at least :
 Where is he now?—

GLAUD.

He's seeing a' that's done
 In ilka place beneath or yont the moon.

ELSPA.

These second-fighted fowks, his peace be here !
 See things far aff, and things to come, as clear
 As I can see my thumb—wow ! can he tell
 (Speer at him soon as he comes to himsell)
 How soon we'll see Sir William ? Whisht, he heaves,
 And speaks out broken words like ane that raves.

SYMON.

He'll soon grow better—Elspa, haste ye, gae
 And fill him up a tafs of usquebae.

SIR WILLIAM (*starts up and speaks.*)

“ A Knight that for a LYON fought
 “ Against a herd of bears,
 “ Was to lang toil and trouble brought,
 “ In which some thousands shares :
 “ But now again the LYON rares,
 “ And joy spreads o'er the plain.
 “ The LYON has defeat the bears,
 “ The Knight returns again.
 “ The Knight in a few days shall bring
 “ A shepherd frae the fauld,
 “ And shall present him to the King,
 “ A subject true and bauld :

“ He

ELSPA.

Defend us! he's a wizard, or posselt
 With what's not good, or second-fight at least :
 Where is he now ?

CLAUD.

He's seeing all that's done
 In every place, beneath, beyond the moon.

ELSPA.

These second-fighted folks^p, God's grace be here!
 See things far off, and things to come, as clear
 As I can see my thumb—O can he tell—
 Ask him as soon as ever he is well,
 When we'll Sir William see--Hush! his breast he heaves,
 And speaks out broken words like one that raves.

SYMON.

He'll soon be better—Elspa, haste away
 And fill him up a glass of usquebaugh.

SIR WILLIAM (*starts up and speaks.*)

- “ A Knight that for a LION fought
 “ Against a herd of bears,
 “ Was to long toil and trouble brought,
 “ In which ten thousand shares :
 “ The LIONS roar, again he hears,
 “ And joy spreads o'er the plain,
 “ The LION has defeat the bears,
 “ The Knight returns again.
 “ The Knight in a few days shall bring
 “ A shepherd from the fold,
 “ And shall present him to his king,
 “ A subject true and bold :

H

“ And

“ He Mr. Patrick shall be call’d—

“ All you that hear me now

“ May well believe what I have tald,

“ For it shall happen true.”

SYMON.

Friend, may your spacing happen soon and well;
But, faith, I’m redd you’ve bargain’d with the Deel,
To tell some tales that fowks wad secret keep;
Or do you get them tald you in your sleep?

SIR WILLIAM.

Howe’er I get them never fash your beard,
Nor come I to read fortunes for reward:
But I’ll lay ten to ane with ony here,
That all I prophesy shall soon appear.

SYMON.

You prophesying fowks are odd kind men!
They’re here that ken, and here that disna ken
The wimpld meaning of your unko tale,
Whilk soon will mak a noise o’er moor and dale.

GLAUD.

’Tis nae sma’ sport to hear how Sym believes,
And taks’t for gospel what the spae-man gives
Of flawing fortunes whilk he evens to Pate:
But what we wish we trow at ony rate.

SIR WILLIAM.

Whisht! doubtfu’ carle; for e’er the sun
Has driven twice down to the sea,
What I have said ye shall see done
In part, or nae mair credit me.

GLAUD.

“ And Mr. Patrick shall he be—

“ All you that listen round,

“ May without doubt rely on me,

“ That this shall truth be found.”

SYMON.

May it happen soon and well, as you have said,
But with Old Nick you’ve bargain’d, I’m afraid,
To tell some tales that folks would secret keep;
Or do you get them told you in your sleep?

SIR WILLIAM.

Howe’er I get them trouble not your head,
I come not telling fortunes to be paid:
But I’ll lay ten to one with any here
That all I prophesy shall soon appear.

SYMON.

From whatsoever source your knowledge flow,
They’re here that know, and here that do not know,
The hidden meaning of your wond’rous tale,
Which soon will make a noise o’er hill and dale.

GLAUD.

’Tis no small jest to hear how Symon takes,
And trusts as gospel all the old man speaks
Of marv’lous fortunes Patie’s soon to have;
But what we wish we easily believe.

SIR WILLIAM.

Hush! doubting man—for e’er the sun
Has driv’n down to the sea,
What I have said you shall see done
In part, or no more credit me.

GLAUD.

We'll be't fae, friend; I shall say nathing mair,
 But I've twa sonfy lasses young and fair,
 Plump, ripe for men: I wish ye cou'd foresee
 Sic fortunes for them, might bring joy to me.

SIR WILLIAM.

Nae mair through secrets can I fift
 Till darkness black the bent;
 I have but anes a day that gift,
 Sac rest a while content.

SYMON.

Elspa, cast on the claith, fetch butt some meat,
 And, of your best, gar this auld stranger eat.

SIR WILLIAM.

Delay a while your hospitable care,
 I'd rather enjoy this evening calm and fair
 Around yon ruin'd tower to fetch a walk
 With you, kind friend, to have some private talk.

SYMON.

Soon as you please I'll answer your desire—
 And, Glaud, you'll tak your pipe beside the fire.
 Well but gae round the place, and soon be back,
 Syne sup together, and tak our pint and crack.

GLAUD.

I'll out a space, and see the young anes play;
 My heart's still light, abeit my locks be gray.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE

GLAUD.

So be it, friend—and I shall hold my tongue,
I have two well grown lasses, fair and young,
Just fit for marriage—I wish you could foretell
Such luck for them, the tale would please me well.

SIR WILLIAM.

No more through secrets can I pry,
Till darkness does return;
But once a day that gift have I,
So rest content till morn.

SYMON.

Elspa, come lay the cloth, and bring some meat,
And, of our best, make this old stranger eat.

SIR WILLIAM.

Delay awhile your hospitable care,
I rather wish this ev'ning calm and fair
Around yon ruin'd tower to take a walk,
And have with you, kind friend, some private talk.

SYMON.

When e'er you please I'll do as you desire;
And, Glaud, you'll smoke your pipe beside the fire.
We'll but go round the place, and soon come back,
Then sup together, take our pint, and talk.

GLAUD.

I shall step out and see the young ones play;
My heart's still light, although my locks be grey.

[Exeunt.]

H 3

SCENE

SCENE III.

PROLOGUE.

Jenny pretends an errand hame,
 Young Roger draps the rest,
 To whisper out his melting flame,
 And thow his lassie's breast.
 Behind a bush, well hid frae sight, they meet;
 See Jenny's laughing, Roger's like to greet.
 POOR SHEPHERD.

ROGER AND JENNY.

ROGER.

DEAR Jenny, I wad speak t'ye, wad ye let,
 And yet I ergh ye'r ay sae scornfu' fet.

JENNY.

And what wad Roger say, if he cou'd speak?
 Am I oblig'd to gues what ye'r to seek?

ROGER.

Yes, ye may gues right eith for what I grein,
 Baith by my service, fighs, and langing een:
 And I maun out wi't, tho' I risk your scorn,
 Ye're never frae my thoughts baith even and morn.
 Ah! cou'd I loo ye lefs, I'd happy be,
 But happier far! cou'd ye but fancy me.

JENNY.

SCENE III.

DESCRIPTION.

An errand home young Jenny feigns,
 And Roger drops the rest
 To whisper out his melting pains,
 And thaw his sweetheart's breast.
 Behind a bush they meet, hid from each eye;
 See Jenny's laughing, Roger's like to cry.

POOR SHEPHERD.

ROGER AND JENNY.

ROGER.

DEAR Jenny, I would speak if you would hear,
 But your so scornful that I'm aw'd with fear.

JENNY.

And what would Roger say, if he could speak?
 Am I obliged to guess what you're to seek?

ROGER.

Yes, you may easily guess for what I long,
 Both by my eyes, my sighs, and fault'ring tongue:
 Now speak I must, though I should risk your scorn,
 Your never from my thoughts night, noon, nor morn.
 Ah! could I love you less, I'd happy be,
 But happier far! could you but fancy me.

H 4

JENNY.

JENNY.

And wha kens, honest lad, but that I may?
Ye canna say that e'er I said ye nay.

ROGER.

Alake! my frightened heart begins to fail,
Whene'er I mint to tell ye out my tale,
For fear some tighter lad, mair rich than I,
Has win your love, and near your heart may lie.

JENNY.

I loo my father, cufin Meg I love;
But to this day, nae man my heart cou'd move;
Except my kin, ilk lad's alyke to me;
And frae ye a' I best had keep me free.

ROGER.

How lang, dear Jenny?—sayna that again,
What pleasure can ye tak in giving pain?
I'm glad however that ye yet stand free;
Wha kens but ye may rew, and pity me?

JENNY.

Ye have my pity else, to see you set
On that whilk makes our sweetness soon forget:
Wow! but we're bonny, good, and every thing!
How sweet we breath whene'er we kiss or sing!
But we're nae sooner fools to give consent,
Than we our daffin, and tint power repent:
When prison'd in four waws, a wife right tame,
Altho' the first, the greatest drudge at hame.

ROGER.

That only happens, when for sake of gear,
Ane wales a wife, as he wad buy a mare;

Or

JENNY.

And who knows, honest lad, but that I may?
You cannot say that e'er I said you nay.

ROGER.

Alake! my fearful heart begins to fail,
When ever I attempt to tell my tale,
For fear some tighter lad, more rich than I,
Hath won your love, and near your heart may lie.

JENNY.

I love my father, cousin Peg I love,
But to this day no man my heart could move:
Except my kin, each lad's alike to me;
And from you all I best had keep me free.

ROGER.

How long, dear Jenny?—say not that again,
What pleasure can you take in giving pain?
I'm glad however that you yet are free;
Who knows but you'll relent and pity me?

JENNY.

You have my pity now, to see you set
On that which makes you all our sweets forget:
O! but we're pretty, good, and every thing!
Our breath how sweet when we are kiss'd or sing!
But soon as we're the fools to give consent,
Our power we lose, our folly we repent:
A wife! a pris'ner! and right tame become,
Although the first, the greatest drudge at home.

ROGER.

That's but the case when int'rest we prefer,
And chuse a wife as we would buy a mare:

Or

Or when dull parents bairns together bind
 Of different tempers, that can ne'er prove kind :
 But love, true downright love, engages me,
 (Tho' thou should scorn) still to delight in thee.

JENNY.

What fugar'd words frae wooers lips can fa'!
 But girning marriage comes and ends them a' :
 I've seen with shining fair the morning rise,
 And soon the fleety clouds mirk a' the skies ;
 I've seen the silver spring a while rin clear,
 And soon in mossy puddles disappear ;
 The bridegroom may rejoice, the bride may smile,
 But soon contentions a' their joys beguile.

ROGER.

I've seen the morning rise with fairest light,
 The day unclouded, sink in calmest night :
 I've seen the spring rin wimpling throw the plain,
 Increase and join the ocean, without stain :
 The bridegroom may be blyth, the bride may smile ;
 Rejoice throw life, and all your fears beguile.

S A N G. Tune, *Leith-wynd*.

JENNY.

Were I assur'd you'll constant prove,
 You should nae mair complain ;
 The easy maid, beset with love,
 Few words will quickly gain :
 For I must own, now since you're free,
 This too fond heart of mine
 Has lang a black sole true to thee,
 Wish'd to be pair'd with thine.

ROGER.

Or when dull parents those together bind
 Of differing tempers, such can ne'er prove kind :
 But love, true downright love, engages me,
 Though you should scorn me, still to doat on thee.

JENNY.

What sugar'd words from lovers lips can fall !
 But snarling marriage comes and ends them all :
 I've seen with shining fair the morning rise,
 Then sleety clouds soon darken all the skies ;
 I've seen the silver spring awhile run clear,
 And soon in mossy puddles disappear ;
 The bridegroom may rejoice, the bride may smile ;
 But soon contention all their joys beguile.

ROGER.

I've seen the morning rise with fairest light,
 The day unclouded sink in calmest night ;
 I've seen the spring run winding through the plain,
 Increase and join the ocean, without stain :
 The bridegroom may be glad, the bride may smile,
 Rejoice through life, and all those fears beguile.

S O N G.

JENNY.

Were I assur'd you'd constant prove,
 You should no more complain ;
 The easy maid, beset with love,
 Few words will quickly gain :
 For I must own, now since you're free,
 This too fond heart of mine
 Has long a kindness had for thee,
 Wishing to pair with thine.

ROGER.

ROGER.

I'm happy now, ah! let my head
 Upon thy breast recline!
 The pleasure strikes me near-hand dead,
 Is Jenny then sae kind?—
 O let me brize thee to my heart!
 And round my arms entwine:
 Delytfu' thought, we'll never part!
 Come press thy mouth to mine.

JENNY.

Were I but fure ye lang would love maintain,
 The fewest words my easy heart could gain:
 For I maun own, since now at last you're free,
 Altho' I jok'd, I lov'd your company;
 And ever had a warmness in my breast
 That made ye dearer to me than the rest.

ROGER.

I'm happy now! o'er happy! had my head!—
 This gush of pleasure's like to be my deid.
 Come to my arms! or strike me! I'm all fir'd
 With wond'ring love! let's kifs till we be tir'd.
 Kifs, kifs! we'll kifs the sun and starns away,
 And ferly at the quick return of day!
 O Jenny! let my arms about thee twine,
 And brize thy bonny breasts and lips to mine.

[They embrace.]

JENNY.

With equal joy my faster heart does yield,
 To own thy well try'd love has won the field.

Now

ROGER.

I'm happy now, O! let my head
Upon thy breast recline!
This pleasure strikes me almost dead,
Will Jenny then be mine?—
O let me press thee to my heart,
My arms around thee twine:
Delightful thought, we'll never part!
Come join thy lips to mine.

JENNY.

Were I but certain you would constant prove,
The fewest words would gain my heart to love:
For I must own, since you at last speak free,
Though I did jest, I lov'd to be with thee;
And ever felt a warmth in my breast
That made you dearer to me than the rest.

ROGER.

I'm happy now! too happy! hold my head!—
This gush of pleasure almost strikes me dead.
Come to my arms! my soul is all on fire
With unexpected love and fond desire!
O, I could kiss the moon and stars away,
Then wonder at the quick return of day!
O Jenny! let my arms around thee twine,
And press thy beauties to this heart of mine.

[They embrace.]

JENNY.

With equal joy my softer heart doth yield,
To own thy well tried love hath won the field.

Now

Now by these warmest kisses thou has tane,
Swear thus to love me, when by vows made ane.

ROGER.

I swear by fifty thousand yet to come,
Or may the first ane strike me deaf and dumb,
There shall not be a kindlier dawted wife,
If you agree with me to lead your life.

JENNY.

Well, I agree—neist to my parent gae,
Get his consent—he'll hardly say ye nae :
Ye have what will commend ye to him well,
Auld fowks like them that want na milk and meal.*

S A N G. *Tune, O'er Bogie.*

Well, I agree, ye're sure of me ;
Next to my father gae :
Make him content to give consent,
He'll hardly say you nae :
For ye have what he wad be at,
And will commend you weel,
Since parents auld think love grows cauld
Where bairns want milk and meal.

Should he deny I care na by,
He'd contradict in vain :
Tho' a' my kin had said and sworn,
But thee I will have nane.
Then never range, nor learn to change,
Like those of high degree :
For if you prove true to your love,
You'll find no fault in me.

ROGER.

Now by those kisses kind come swear to me
When we're made one you still thus kind will be.

ROGER.

I swear by fifty thousand yet to come,
Or may the first one strike me deaf and dumb,
A wife who's more belov'd there shall not be,
If you agree to lead your life with me.

JENNY.

Well, I agree—next to my father go,
Get his consent—he'll hardly say you no :
For you have that which soon will gain him o'er,
Old folks like those who plenty have in store.

S O N G.

Well, I agree, you're sure of me ;

Next to my father go :

Make him content to give consent,

He'll hardly say you no :

For you have what he would be at,

And soon will gain him o'er,

As parents old—think love grows cold

When there is little store.

Should he deny, then what care I,

My love shall then be shown,

Though kindred do each one say no,

I will have thee alone.

Then never range, nor learn to change,

Like these in high degree :

And if you prove faithful in love,

You'll find nae fault in me.

ROGER.

ROGER.

My faulds contain twice fifteen forrow nowt;
As mony newcal in my byers rowt:
Five pack of woo I can at Lamma's fell,
Shorn frae my bob-tail'd bleeters on the fell.
Good twenty pair of blankets for our bed,
With meikle care, my thrifty mither made:
Ilk thing that makes a hartsome house and tight
Was still her care, my father's great delight.
They left me a' which now gi'es joy to me,
Because I can give a', my dear, to thee:
And had I fifty times as mickle mair,
Nane but my Jenny shou'd the samen skair:
My love and a' is yours; now had them fast,
And guide them as ye like to gar them last.

JENNY.

I'll do my best: but see wha gangs this way,
Patie and Meg——besides I maunna stay:
Let's steal frae ither now, and meet the morn;
If we be seen, we'll dree a deal of scorn.

ROGER.

To where the faugh-tree shades the mennin pool,
I'll frae the hill come down, when day grows cool:
Keep tryft, and meet me there; there let us meet,
To kifs and tell our loves; there's nought sae sweet.

SCENE

ROGER.

Twice fifteen head of cattle in my folds;
As many that give milk my cow-house holds:
Five packs of wool at Lammas' I can sell,
Shorn from my bouncing bleaters on the hill.
Good twenty pair of blankets for our bed,
That with much care my thrifty mother made:
Whate'er could make a blithsome house and tight
Was still her care, my father's great delight.
They left me all, which now gives joy to me,
Because I can give all, my love, to thee:
And had I fifty times as much, and more,
With none but Jenny I would share my store:
My love and all is yours, now hold them fast,
And manage as you chuse to make them last.

JENNY.

I'll do my best: but see who comes this way,
Patie and Peg——besides I must not stay:
Let's steal from other now, to-morrow meet:
Should we be seen, a deal of scorn we'll get.

ROGER.

To where the willow shades the minnow pool
I'll from the hill come down, when day grows cool.
Keep promise; meet me there; there let us meet
To kifs and tell our love, there's nought so sweet.

I

SCENE

SCENE IV.

PROLOGUE.

This scene presents the Knight and Sym,
 Within a gallery of the place,
 Where all looks ruinous and grim;
 Nor has the baron shown his face,
 But, joking with his shepherd leel,
 Aft speers the gate he kens fu' weel.

SIR WILLIAM AND SYMON.

SIR WILLIAM.

To whom belongs this house so much decay'd?

SYMON.

To ane that lost it, lending gen'rous aid,
 To bear the Head up, when rebellious tail
 Against the laws of nature did prevail.
 Sir William Worthy is our master's name,
 Wha fills us a' with joy, now he's come hame.

PROLOGUE.

Sir William draps his masking beard;
 Symon transported fees
 The welcome knight, with fond regard,
 And grasps him round the knees.

My master! my dear master!—do I breath!
 To see him healthy, strong, and free frae skaith!
 Return'd

SCENE IV.

DESCRIPTION.

This scene shews Symon and the Knight

Within a gallery much decay'd;

Where all is in woful plight;

Nor has the knight his face display'd,

With his true shepherd jesting still,

He asks the way he knows full well.

SIR WILLIAM AND SYMON.

SIR WILLIAM.

To whom belongs this house so much decay'd?

SYMON.

To one who lost it lending gen'rous aid

His King to save, when rebels did assail,

And 'gainst the laws of nations did prevail.

Sir William Worthy is the name we mourn'd,

In which we now rejoice, since he's return'd.

DESCRIPTION.

Sir William drops his long white beard;

Symon transported sees

The welcome knight, with fond regard,

And grasps him round the knees.

My master!—my dear master! do I see

Him healthy, strong, and from all danger free!

Return'd to cheer his wishing tenants' fight !
To blefs his fon, my charge, the world's delight.

SIR WILLIAM.

Rife, faithful Symon, in my arms enjoy
A place, thy due, kind guardian of my boy:
I came to view thy care in this disguise,
And am confirm'd thy conduct has been wife,
Since still the secret thou'ft securely feal'd,
And ne'er to him his real birth reveal'd.

SYMON.

The due obedience to your strict command
Was the first lock——neist my ain judgment fand
Out reasons plenty——since, without estate,
A youth, tho' sprung frae kings, looks baugh and blate:

SIR WILLIAM.

And aften vain and idly spend their time,
'Till grown unfit for action, past their prime,
Hang on their friends—which gie's their fauls a cast
That turns them downright beggars at the last.

SYMON.

Now, well I wat, Sir, ye have spoken true;
For there's laird Kytie's son, that's loo'd by few;
His father steght his fortune in his wame,
And left his heir nought but a gentle name.
He gangs about fornan frae place to place,
As scrimp of manners as of sense and grace,
Oppressing a', as punishment o' their sin,
That are within his tenth degree of kin:
Rins in ilk trader's debt wha's sae unjust
To his ane family as to gie him trust.

SIR

Return'd to cheer his longing tenants' fight,
And blefs his fon, my charge, the world's delight!

SIR WILLIAM.

Rife, faithful Symon, in my arms enjoy
A place, thy due, kind guardian of my boy:
I came to view thy care in this disguise,
And am confirm'd thy conduct has been wife;
Since still the secret thou'ft securely seal'd,
And not ev'n to himself his birth reveal'd.

SYMON.

To your command by duty I was bound;
Next my own judgment many reasons found—
As youths without estates, though highly born,
Ev'n sprung from kings, look bashful and forlorn:

SIR WILLIAM.

And often vain and idly spend their time,
Till grown unfit for action, past their prime,
Hang on their friends; which gives their minds a cast
That turns them downright beggars at the last.

SYMON.

Full well I know, Sir, what you say is true;
For there's 'squire Guttle's son, that's lov'd by few;
His father cram'd his fortune down his throat,
And left his poor proud heir not worth a groat.
Spunging he goes about from place to place,
As scant of manners as of sense and grace,
Oppressing all, as penance for their sin,
That are within his tenth degree of kin:
Runs in each tradesman's debt who's so unjust
To his own family as to give him trust.

SIR WILLIAM.

Such uselefs branches of a commonwealth
Should be lopt off to give a state mair health ;
Unworthy bare reflection——Symon, run
O'er all your observations on my son ;
A parent's fondness easily finds excuse,
But do not with indulgence truth abuse.

SYMON.

To speak his praise, the longest simmer-day
Wad be owre short—cou'd I them right display,
In word and deed he can sae well behave,
That out of sight he runs before the lave ;
And when there's e'er a quarrel or contest
Patrick's made judge to tell whase cause is best ;
And his decree stands good—he'll gar it stand ;
Wha dares to grumble finds his correcting hand :
With a firm look, and a commanding way,
He gars the proudest of our herds obey.

SIR WILLIAM.

Your tale much pleases——my good friend, proceed :
What learning has he ? Can he write and read ?

SYMON.

Baith wonder well ; for, troth, I didna spare
To gi'e him at the school enough of lair :
And he delights in books—He reads and speaks
With fowks that ken them, Latin words and Greeks.

SIR WILLIAM.

Where gets he books to read——and of what kind ?
Tho' some give light, some blindly lead the blind.

SYMON

SIR WILLIAM.

Such useless branches of the commonwealth
Should be lopp'd off, to give the state more health:
Unworthy bare reflection——Symon, run
O'er all your observations on my son;
A parent's fondness easily finds excuse,
But do not with indulgence truth abuse.

SYMON.

To speak his praise, the longest summer's-day
Would be too short—could I his worth display.
In word and deed he can behave so well,
That out of fight he runs before them all;
And when they chance to quarrel or contest
Patrick's made judge to tell who's cause is best;
And his decree stands good—he'll make it stand;
Who dares rebel finds his correcting hand:
With a firm look, and a commanding way,
He makes our proudest shepherds soon obey.

SIR WILLIAM.

Your tale delights me much—good friend, proceed:
What learning has he? Can he write and read?

SYMON.

Both wond'rous well; in truth, I did not spare,
But of his schooling took the greatest care:
And he delights in books—Will read and speak
With those that know them, Latin words and Greek.

SIR WILLIAM.

Where gets he books to read——and of what kind?
Though some instruct, some blindly lead the blind.

SYMON.

Whene'er he drives our sheep to Edinburgh port,
 He buys some books of history, fangs, or sport:
 Nor does he want of them a rowth at will,
 And carries ay a poutchfu' to the hill.
 About ane Shakespear and a famous Ben
 He aften speaks, and ca's them best of men.
 How sweetly Hawthornden and Stirling sing
 And ane caw'd Cowley, loyal to his king,
 He kens fou weel, and gars their verses ring. }
 I sometimes thought that he made o'er great fraize
 About fine poems, histories and plays.
 When I reprov'd him anes—a book he brings,
 With this, quoth he, on braes I crack with kings.

SIR WILLIAM.

He answer'd well; and much ye glad my ear,
 When such accounts I of my shepherd hear:
 Reading such books can raise a peasant's mind
 Above a lord's that is not thus inclin'd.

SYMON.

What ken we better that fae findle look,
 Except on rainy Sundays, on a book?
 When we a leaf or twa haf read, haf spell,
 'Till a' the rest sleep round as weel's our fell.

SIR WILLIAM

Well jested, Symon—but one question more,
 I'll only ask ye now, and then give o'er.
 The youth's arriv'd the age when little loves
 Flighter around young hearts like cooing doves:

Has

SYMON.

At Edinburgh market where our sheep he fells,
Then he buys books of hift'ry, songs, or tales :
Nor does he want of them a store at will,
Which in his pocket he takes to the hill.
About one Shakespear, and a famous Ben
He often speaks, and calls them first of men.
How sweetly Hawthornden, and Stirling sing,
And one call'd Cowley, loyal to his king,
He knows full well, and makes their verses ring. }
I rather think he sometimes too much says
About fine poems, histories, and plays.
When I reprov'd him once—a book he brings,
With this, said he, on wilds I talk with kings.

SIR WILLIAM.

He answer'd well; and much you glad mine ear,
When such accounts I of my shepherd hear :
Reading such books can raise a peasant's mind
Above a lord's who is not so inclin'd.

SYMON.

What know we better that so seldom look,
Except on rainy Sundays, on a book ?
When we a leaf or two half spell, half read,
Till nodding round is every drowsy head.

SIR WILLIAM.

Well jested, Symon—but one question more
I'll only ask you now, and then give o'er.
The youth's now at the age when little loves
Flutter around young hearts like cooing doves:

Has

Has nae young lassie, with inviting mien
 And rosy cheek, the wonder of the green,
 Engag'd his look, and caught his youthfu' heart?

SYMON.

I fear'd the warst, but kend the smallest part,
 'Till late I saw him twa three times mair sweet
 With Glaud's fair niece than I thought right or meet.
 I had my fears; but now have nought to fear,
 Since like yoursell your son will soon appear;
 A gentleman enrich'd with all these charms,
 May blest the fairest best-born lady's arms.

SIR WILLIAM.

This night must end his unambitious fire,
 When higher views shall greater thoughts inspire.
 Go, Symon, bring him quickly here to me;
 None but yoursell shall our first meeting see.
 Yonder's my horse and servant nigh at hand;
 They come just at the time I gave command;
 Straight in my own apparel I'll go dress;
 Now ye the secret may to all confess.

SYMON.

With how much joy I on this errand flee,
 There's nae can know that is not down-right me.

[Exit SYMON.]

SIR WILLIAM SOLUS.

Whene'er th' event of hope's success appears,
 One happy hour cancels the toil of years:
 A thousand toils are lost in Lethe's stream,
 And cares evanish like a morning dream;

When

Has no young maiden, with inviting mien
And rosy cheek, the wonder of the green,
Engaged his eye, and caught his youthful heart?

SYMON.

I fear'd the worst, but knew the smallest part,
Till I with Glaud's fair niece, saw him of late
Rather more kind than what I thought was fit.—
I had my fears; but now have naught to fear,
Since like yourself your son will soon appear;
A gentleman enrich'd with all those charms
May bless the fairest best-born lady's arms.

SIR WILLIAM.

This night must end his over lowly flame,
When higher views shall his ambition claim,
Go, Symon, bring him quickly here to me;
None but yourself shall our first meeting see.
Yonder's my horse and servant nigh at hand;
They come just at the time I gave command:
Straight in my own apparel I'll go dress;—
Now you the secret may to all confess.

SYMON.

With how much joy I on this errand fly,
There's none can know that is not downright I.

[Exit SYMON,

SIR WILLIAM SOLUS.

Whene'er th' object of our hope appears
One happy hour cancels the pain of years:
A thousand toils are lost in Lethe's stream,
And cares evanish like a morning dream;

When

When wish'd-for pleasures rise like morning light,
 The pain that's past enhances the delight.
 These joys I feel that words can ill express,
 I ne'er had known, without my late distress.

But from his rustic business and love
 I must, in haste, my Patrick soon remove
 To courts and camps that may his soul improve. }
 Like the rough diamond, as it leaves the mine,
 Only in little breakings shews its light,
 'Till artful polishing has made it shine ;
 Thus education makes the genius bright.

S A N G. Tune, *Wat ye wha I met yestreen.*

Now from rusticity, and love,
 Whose flames but over lowly burn,
 My gentle shepherd must be drove,
 His soul must take another turn :
 As the rough diamond, from the mine,
 In breakings only shews its light,
 'Till polishing has made it shine,
 Thus learning makes the genius bright.

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT

When wish'd-for pleasures rise like morning light
 The pain that's past enhances the delight.
 Those joys I feel that words can ill express,
 I ne'er had known, without my late distress.

But from his rustic business and his love
 I must, in haste, my Patrick now remove
 To courts, and camps, that may his soul improve. }
 As the rough diamond, when it leaves the mine,
 Only in little breakings shews its light,
 Till artful polishing has made it shine;
 Thus education makes the genius bright.

S O N G.

Now from rusticity and love,
 Whose flames but over lowly burn,
 My gentle shepherd must be drove,
 His soul must take another turn:
 As the rough diamond from the mine,
 In breakings only shews its light,
 Till polishing has made it shine,
 Thus learning makes the genius bright.

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT

SCOTCH.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

The scene describ'd in former page,
Glaud's onset—Enter MAUSE and MADGE.

MADGE.

OUR laird come hame! and owns young Pate his heir!

MAUSE.

That's news indeed!——

MADGE.

—— As true as ye stand there.

As they were dancing all in Symon's yard,
Sir William, like a warlock, with a beard
Five nives in length, and white as driven snaw,
Amang us came, cry'd *Had ye merry a'*.
We ferly'd meikle at his unco look,
While frae his poutch he whirl'd forth a book.

As

ENGLISH.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

DESCRIPTION.

The scene drawn in a former page,
Glaud's dwelling—Enter MAUSE and MADGE.

MADGE.

Our knight's come home! and owns young Patch his heir!

MAUSE.

That's news indeed!—

MADGE.

— As true as you stand there.

As they were dancing all in Symon's yard,
Sir William, like a wizard, with a beard
Five hands in length, and white as snow-drift's fall,
Amongst us came, cry'd "Merry be ye all."
We wonder'd much to see his uncouth look,
While from his pocket out he whipp'd a book.

Viewing

As we stood round about him on the green,
 He view'd us a', but fix'd on Pate his een;
 Then pawkylie pretended he cou'd spae,
 Yet for his pains and skill wad naithing hae.

MAUSE.

Then sure the lasses, and ilk gaping coof,
 Wad rin about him, and had out their loof.

MADGE.

As fast as fleas skip to the tate of woo,
 Whilk flee tod lawrie hads without his mow,
 When he to drown them, and his hips to cool,
 In summer days, slides backward in a pool.
 In short, he did for Pate braw things foretell,
 Without the help of conjuring or spell;
 At last, when well diverted, he withdrew,
 Pou'd off his beard to Symon; Symon knew
 His welcome master;—round his knees he gat,
 Hang at his coat, and syne for blythness grat.
 Patrick was sent for—happy lad is he!
 Symon tald Elspa, Elspa tald it me.
 Ye'll hear out a' the secret story soon:
 And troth 'tis e'en right odd, when a' is done,
 To think how Symon ne'er afore wad tell,
 Na, no sae meikle as to Pate himsell.
 Our Meg, poor thing, alake! has lost her jo.

MAUSE.

It may be sae, wha kens, and may be no:
 To lift a love that's rooted, is great pain:
 Even kings ha' tane a queen out of the plain;
 And what has been before, may be again.

MADGE.

Viewing us all, as we around him prest,
But fix'd his eyes on Patrick at the last;—
Slyly pretending fortunes he could tell,
Yet nothing would he have for all his skill.

MAUSE.

Then sure the lasses, and each gaping lout,
Would crowd around him, with a hand held out.

MADGE.

As fast as fleas hop to the wool in flocks,
Held in the mouth of some old wily fox,
When he to drown them, and his rump to cool,
On summer days slides backward in a pool.—
In short, he did for Pate fine things foretell,
Without the help of conjuring or spell;
At last, when well diverted, he withdrew,
Pull'd off his beard to Symon;—Symon knew
His welcome master;—whose knees he did embrace,
While tears of joy ran trickling o'er his face.—
Patrick was sent for—happy lad is he!
Symon told Elspa,—Elspa told it me.
You'll hear out all the secret story soon:
In troth 'tis very odd, when all is done,
To think how Symon all this while conceal'd,
And ne'er to Pate himself his birth reveal'd—
Our Peg will lose her lad, alas! poor lass!

MAUSE.

It may be so,—and may be not the case:
To pull deep rooted love must give great pain:
Even kings have taken a queen from off the plain;
And what has been before, may be again.

K

MADGE.

MADGE.

Sic nonsense! love tak root, but tocher good,
 'Tween a herd's bairn, and ane of gentle blood!
 Sic fashions in king Bruce's days might be;
 But ficcan ferlies now we never see.

MAUSE.

Gif Pate forfakes her, Bauldy she may gain:—
 Yonder he comes, and, wow! but he looks fain;
 Nae doubt he thinks that Peggy's now his ain. }

MADGE.

He get her! flaverin doof! it sets him well
 To yoke a plough where Patrick thought to teil!
 Gif I were Meg, I'd let young master see—

MAUSE.

Ye'd be as dorty in your choice as he;
 And so wad I: but whisht! here Bauldy comes.

Enter BAULDY [singing.]

Jocky said to Jenny, Jenny wilt thou do't?
 Ne'er a fit, quoth Jenny, for my tocher good;
 For my tocher good, I winna marry thee.
 E'en's ye like, quoth Jocky, ye may let it be.

MADGE.

Weel liltit, Bauldy, that's a dainty fang.

BAULDY.

I'll gie ye't a', 'tis better than 'tis lang.

[Sings again.]

I hae gowd and gear; I hae land eneugh:
 I have seven good owfen ganging in a pleugh;
 Ganging in a pleugh, and linkan o'er the lee:
 And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

I hae

MADGE.

Such nonsense! 'love take root, without great dower,
'Tween one so highly born—one mean and poor!
Those fashions in king Bruce's days might be;
But such strange wonders, now we never see.

MAUSE.

If Pate forsakes her, Bauldy may be had:—
Yonder he comes, and, oh! but he looks glad;
Thinking, no doubt, he'll be the lucky lad.

MADGE.

He get her! lubberly lout! it suits him well
To pitch his tent where Patrick thought to dwell!
If I were Peg, I'd let young master see—

MAUSE.

You'd be as faucy in your choice as he:
And so would I: but hush! here Bauldy comes.

Enter BAULDY [singing.]

Jockey said to Jenny, will you answer yes?
Not a bit, said she, for all that you possess;
For all that you possess, I will not marry thee,
As you please, says Jockey, 'tis the same to me.

MADGE.

Well chanted, Bauldy, that's a clever song.

BAULDY.

I'll sing it all—'tis better than 'tis long.

[Sings again.]

I have land and store; and money at command:
I have seven good oxen ploughing up my land;
Ploughing up my land, so clever on the lea,
And if you will not take me, 'tis the same to me.

I hae a good ha' house, a barn and a byer;
 A peatstack 'fore the door; we'll make a rantin fire;
 I'll make a rantin fire, and merry fall we be:
 And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

Jenny said to Jocky, gin ye winna tell,
 Ye shall be the lad, I'll be the lass mysell;
 Ye're a bonny lad, and I'm a lassie free:
 Ye're welcomer to tak me than to let me be.

I trow fae:—lassies will come to at last,
 Tho' for a while they maun their snaw-baws cast.

MAUSE.

Well, Bauldy, how gaes a'?—

BAULDY.

— Faith, unco right:

I hope we'll a' sleep sound but ane this night.

MADGE.

And wha's th' unlucky ane, if we may ask?

BAULDY.

To find out that is nae difficult task:
 Poor bonny Peggy, wha maun think nae mair,
 On Pate turn'd Patrick, and Sir William's heir.
 Now, now, good Madge, and honest Maufe, stand by;
 While Meg's in dumps, put in a word for me:
 I'll be as kind as ever Pate could prove;
 Lefs wilfu', and ay constant in my love.

MADGE.

As Neps can witness, and the bushy thorn,
 Where mony a time to her your heart was sworn.

Fy,

I have a good hall house, a stable, and a barn;
 A peatstack fronts the door, to keep it snug and warm:
 To keep it snug and warm, and merry shall we be;
 And if you will not have me, 'tis the same to me.

Jenny said to Jockey, tell it not again,
 I shall be the lass, and you shall be the swain;
 You're a clever lad, and I am full of glee,
 More welcome you're to take me than to leave me free.

I know it:—maidens will come to at last,
 Though for a while they must their snow-balls cast.

MAUSE.

Well, Bauldy, how goes all?—

BAULDY.

— Faith, very right:

I hope we'll all sleep sound but one to-night.

MADGE.

And who's the unlucky one, if we may ask?

BAULDY.

To find out that not difficult's the task:
 Poor pretty Peggy, who must now despair
 Of Pate turn'd Patrick, and Sir William's heir.—
 Now, now, good Madge, and honest Maufe, do ye,
 While Peg's in dumps, put in a word for me:
 I'll be as kind as ever Pate could prove;
 Less wilful, and aye constant in my love.

MADGE.

As Neps can witness, and the bushy thorn,
 Where many a time to her your heart was sworn.

Fy, Bauldy, blush, and vows of love regard;
 What other lafs will trow a mansworn herd:
 The curse of heaven hings ay aboon their heads,
 That's ever guilty of sic sinfu' deeds.
 I'll ne'er advise my niece sae gray a gate;
 Nor will she be advis'd, fou weel I wate.

BAULDY.

Sae gray a gate! mansworn! and a' the rest:
 Ye lied, auld roudes,—and in faith had best
 Eat in your words, else I shall gar you stand,
 With a het face, afore the haly band.

MADGE.

Ye'll gar me stand! ye shevelling-gabbit brock:
 Speak that again, and trembling dread my rock,
 And ten sharp nails, that when my hands are in,
 Can ffly the skin o' y'er cheeks out o'er your chin.

BAULDY.

I tak ye witness, Maufe, ye heard her say
 That I'm mansworn—I winna let it gae.

MADGE.

Ye're witness too he ca'd me bony names,
 And shou'd be serv'd as his good breeding claims:
 Ye filthy dog!

[*Flees to his hair like a fury.*—*A stout battle—*

MAUSE endeavours to redd them.

MAUSE.

Let gang your grips; fy, Madge! howt, Bauldy, leen;
 I wadna wish this tulzie had been seen,
 'Tis sae daft like.—

[*BAULDY gets out of MADGE's clutches with
 a bleeding nose.*]

MADGE'

Fye, Bauldy, blush, and to your vows be just;
 What maid will dare a perjur'd man to trust?
 The curse of heaven still hangs above their heads
 That e'er are guilty of such sinful deeds.—
 I'll ne'er advise my niece so black a way;
 Nor will she be advis'd, that I can say.

BAULDY.

So black away! perjur'd! and all the rest:
 You lie, old runnion, and in faith had best
 Eat in your words,—or, for this defamation,
 I'll make you stand, before the congregation.

MADGE.

You'll make me stand! yewry-mouth'd driv'ling dunce:
 Say that again—my distaff's on your sconce,
 And ten sharp nails, that, when my hands are in,
 From your false face shall claw the ugly skin.

BAULDY.

I take you witness, Maufe, you heard her say
 I perjur'd was—and she for that shall pay.

MADGE.

You're witness too he call'd me pretty names,
 And should be serv'd as his good breeding claims:
 You filthy dog!

[*Flies at his hair like a fury.*]—*A stout battle—*

MAUSE endeavours to separate them.

MAUSE.

Let go your holds;—fye, Madge!--Bauldy have done;
 I would not with this scuffle should be known,
 'Tis so odd like.—

[*BAULDY gets out of MADGE's clutches with
 a bleeding nose.*]

K 4

MADGE.

MADGE.

—'Tis dafter like to thole
 An ether-cap like him to blaw the coal.
 It fets him weel with vile unscrapit tongue,
 To caft up whether I be auld or young:
 They're aulder yet than I have married been,
 And, or they died, their bairn's bairns have feen.

MAUSE.

That's true; and, Bauldy, ye was far to blame
 To ca' Madge ought but her ain chriften'd name.

BAULDY.

My lugs, my nofe, and noddle find the fame.

MADGE.

Auld roudes! filthy fallow, I fhall auld ye.

MAUSE.

Howt, no;—ye'll e'en be friends with honeft Bauldy;
 Come, come, shake hands; this maun nae farder gae;
 Ye maun forgi'e 'm: I fee the lad looks wae.

BAULDY.

In troth now, Maufe, I have at Madge nae fpite;
 But fhe abufing firft was a' the wyte
 Of what has happen'd, and fhould therefore crave
 My pardon firft and fhall acquittance have.

MADGE.

I crave your pardon! Gallows-face, gae greet
 And own your faut to her that ye wad cheat:
 Gae, or be blafed in your health and gear,
 'Till ye learn to perform as well as fwear.
 Vow and lowp back!—was e'er the like heard tell?
 Swith tak him deel, he's owre lang out of hell.

BAULDY

MADGE.

—'Tis odder like by full
 To let a spiteful toad blow up the coal.
 It suits him well with foul provoking tongue,
 To tell me whether I am old or young :
 Older than I by years have married been,
 And, ere they died, have children's children seen.

MAUSE.

That's true; and, Bauldy, you were much to blame
 To call Madge aught but her own Christian name.

BAULDY.

My ears, my nose, and noddle, find the same.

MADGE.

Old runnion! filthy fellow, I'll old ye.

MAUSE.

Hush; be friends again with honest Bauldy:
 Forgive, forget, 'twould make an odd like story:
 Come and shake hands; I see the lad looks sorry.

BAULDY.

'Gainst Madge I have no spite, believe me Maufe;
 But she abusing first was all the cause
 Of what has happen'd, and should therefore crave
 My pardon first, and shall forgiveness have.

MADGE.

I crave your pardon! Gallows-face complete;
 Go, blubbering, own your faults to her you'd cheat:
 Go, and repent, perform what you have sworn,
 Or you'll be blasted sure as you were born.
 Vow and retract!—was e'er the like heard tell?
 Swift take him devil, he's too long out of hell.

BAULDY

BAULDY (*running off.*)

His presence be about us! Curst were he
That were condemned for life to live with thee.

[*Exit BAULDY.*]

MADGE (*laughing.*)

I think I have towzled his harigalds a wee;
He'll no soon grein to tell his love to me.
He's but a rascal that wad mint to serve
A lassie fae he does but ill deserve.

MAUSE.

Ye towin'd him tightly—I commend ye for't;
His bleeding snout gae me nae little sport:
For this forenoon he had that scant of grace,
And breeding baith—to tell me to my face
He hoped I was a witch, and wadna stand
To lend him in this case my helping hand.

MADGE.

A witch! how had ye patience this to bear,
And leave him een to see, or lugs to hear?

MAUSE.

Auld wither'd hands, and feeble joints like mine,
Obliges fowk resentment to decline,
'Till aft 'tis seen, when vigour fails, then we
With cunning can the lack of pith supply:
Thus I pat aff revenge 'till it was dark,
Syne bad him come, and we should gang to wark:
I'm sure he'll keep his tryft; and I came here
To seek your help, that we the fool may fear.

MADGE.

And special sport we'll hae as I protest;
Ye'll be the witch, and I shall play the ghait.

A linen

BAULDY (*running off.*)

Heaven's grace defend us all! Thrice curst were he
That were condemn'd for life to live with thee.

[*Exit* BAULDY.]

MADGE (*laughing.*)

I think I've given this perjurd knave a trimming:
He'll ne'er tell me his love nor boast his winning.
He's but a rascal that would try to serve
A maiden so he does but ill deserve.

MAUSE.

You trimm'd him tightly—I commend you for't;—
His bleeding snout gave me no little sport:
For this forenoon he was so scant of grace,
And manners too—to tell me to my face
He hoped I was a witch, and would not stand
To lend him in this case my helping hand.

MADGE.

A witch! how had you patience this to bear,
And leave him eyes to see, or ears to hear?

MAUSE.

Old wither'd hands, and feeble joints like mine,
Oblige us oft resentment to decline;
But when strength fails, then other means we try,
And cunning can the want of strength supply:
Thus I put off revenge till it was night,
Then bade him come, when I his wrongs should right:
I'm sure he'll meet me; therefore came I here
Your help to ask, that we the fool may fear.

MADGE.

And special sport we'll have at this fool's cost;
You'll be the witch, and I shall play the ghost.

A linen

A linen sheet wound round me like ane dead,
 I'll cawk my face, and grane, and shake my head:
 We'll fleg him sae, he'll mint nae mair to gang
 A conjuring to do a lassie wrang.

MAUSE.

Then let us go; for see, 'tis hard on night,
 The westlin cloud shines with a setting light.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

When birds begin to nod upon the bough,
 And the green sward grows damp with falling dew,
 While good Sir William is to rest retir'd,
 The Gentle Shepherd, tenderly inspir'd,
 Walks throw the broom with Roger ever leel,
 To meet, to comfort Meg, and tak' farewel.

PATIE AND ROGER.

ROGER.

Wow! but I'm cadgie, and my heart lowps light:
 O, Mr Patrick, ay your thoughts were right;
 Sure gentle fowk are farer seen than we
 That naithing hae to brag of pedigree.

My

A linen sheet wrapt round me, like one dead,
 I'll chalk my face, and groan, and shake my head:
 We'll give him such a fright, he'll no more long
 To go a conjuring a maid to wrong.

MAUSE.

Then let us go; for see, 'tis hard on night,
 The western clouds shine with departing light.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

DESCRIPTION.

Now birds begin to nod upon the bough,
 And the green grass grows damp with falling dew,
 While good Sir William is to rest retir'd,
 The Gentle Shepherd, tenderly inspir'd,
 Walks through the broom with Roger ever true,
 To meet, to comfort Peg, and bid adieu.

PATIE AND ROGER.

ROGER.

How happy is my heart! and beats so light;
 O, Mr. Patrick! still your thoughts were right;
 Sure gentlefolks can farther see than we
 That nothing have to boast of pedigree.

My

My Jenny now, wha' brak my heart this morn,
 Is perfect yielding—sweet—and nae mair scorn :
 I spak my mind—she heard—I spak again—
 She smil'd—I kifs'd—I woo'd, nor woo'd in vain.

PATIE.

I'm glad to hear't—But, O! my change this day
 Heaves up my joy, and yet I'm sometimes wae.
 I've found a father, gently kind as brave,
 And an estate that lifts me boon the lave.
 With looks all kindness, words that love confest,
 He all the father to my soul exprest,
 While close he held me to his manly breast :
 Such were the eyes, he said, thus smil'd the mouth,
 Of thy lov'd mother, blessing o' my youth !
 Wha set too soon !—And while he praise bestow'd,
 Adown his gracefu' cheeks a torrent flow'd.
 My new-born joys, and this his tender tale,
 Did, mingle thus, o'er a' my thoughts prevail ;
 That speechless lang my late kend fire I view'd,
 While gushing tears my panting breast bedew'd :
 Unusual transports made my head turn round,
 Whilst I myself with rising raptures found
 The happy son of ane sae much renown'd.
 But he has heard—Too faithful Symon's fear !
 Has brought my love for Peggy to his ear,
 Which he forbids ;—ah ! this confounds my peace,
 While, thus to beat, my heart must sooner cease.

ROGER.

How to advise ye, troth I'm at a stand :
 But we'rt my case, ye'd clear it up aff hand.

PATIE.

My Jenny now, who broke my heart at morn,
Is perfect yielding—sweet—and no more scorn:
I spake my mind—she heard—I spake again—
She smil'd—I kiss'd, I woo'd, nor woo'd in vain.

PATIE.

Of that I'm glad—but, oh! my sudden joy
Uplifts my heart, yet sometimes I could cry.
A father found—brave, gentle, kind, and great,
Exalted o'er the rest by an estate.
With looks all kindness, words that love confess, }
He all the father to my soul express,
While close he held me to his manly breast :
Such were the eyes, he said, so smil'd the mouth
Of thy lov'd mother, sun-shine of my youth!
Who set too soon!—And while he praise bestow'd,
All down his graceful cheeks a torrent flow'd.
My new-born joys, and this his tender tale,
With mingled feelings, did my soul assail;
That speechless long my new found fire I view'd,
While gushing tears my panting breast bedew'd :
Unusual transports made my head turn round, }
Whilst I myself with rising raptures found
The happy son of one so much renown'd.
But he has heard—Too faithful Symon's fear!
Has brought my love for Peggy to his ear,
Which he forbids;—oh! this disturbs my peace!
Ere I forsake my love, to bear this heart must cease.

ROGER.

How to advise you, I am at a stand :
But wer't my case, you'd settle it off hand.

PATIE.

PATIE.

Duty, and hasten reason plead his cause;
 But love rebels against all bounding laws;
 Fixt in my soul the shepherdes excels,
 And part of my new happiness repels.

SANG. *Tune, Kirk wad let me be.*

Duty and part of reason,
 Plead strong on the parent's side,
 Which love superior calls treason,
 The strongest must be obey'd;

For now, tho' I'm one of the gentry,
 My constancy falsehood repels;
 For change in my heart is no entry,
 Still there my dear Peggy excels.

ROGER.

Enjoy them baith—Sir William will be won:
 Your Peggy's bonny—you're his only son.

PATIE.

She's mine by vows, and stronger ties of love,
 And frae these bands nae fate my mind shall move.
 I'll wed nane else, thro' life I will be true,
 But still obedience is a parent's due.

ROGER.

PATIE.

Duty, and partly reason, plead his cause;
 But love rebels 'gainst all restricting laws;
 Fixt in my soul the shepherdess excels,
 And part of my new happiness repels.

S O N G.

Duty, and partly reason,
 Plead strong on the parent's side,
 Which love superior calls treason,
 The strongest must be obey'd;

And now, though I am one of the gentry,
 My constancy falsehood repels;
 For change in my soul there's no entry,
 Still there my dear Peggy excels.

ROGER.

Enjoy them both—Sir William may be won:
 Your Peggy's handsome—you're his only son.

PATIE.

She's mine by vows, and stronger ties of love,
 And from these bands no fate my soul shall move!
 I'll wed none else, through life I will be true,
 But still obedience is a parent's due.

L

ROGER.

ROGER.

Is not our master and yourself to stay
 Amang us here—or are ye gawn away
 To London court, or ither far aff parts,
 To leave your ain poor us with broken hearts?

PATIE.

To Edinburgh straight to-morrow we advance,
 To London neist, and afterwards to France,
 Where I must stay some years, and learn to dance. }
 And twa three other monkey-tricks : that done,
 I come hame strutting in my red-heel'd shoon,
 Then 'tis design'd, when I can well behave,
 That I maun be some petted thing's dull slave,
 For some few bags of cash, that I wat weel
 I nae mair need nor carts do a third wheel;
 But Peggy, dearer to me than my breath,
 Sooner than hear sic news shall hear my death.

ROGER.

“ They wha have just enough can soundly sleep,
 “ The owrecome only fashes fowk to keep.”—
 Good master Patrick, tak your ain tale hame.

PATIE.

What was my morning thought at night's the same. }
 The poor and rich but differ in the name.
 Content's the greatest bliss we can procure
 Frae 'boon the list—without it, king's are poor.

ROGER.

But an estate like yours yields braw content,
 When we but pike it scanty on the bent :
 Fine claiths, fast beds, sweet houses, sparkling wine,
 Rich fare, and witty friends, whene'er ye dine,

Submissive

ROGER.

Is not Sir William and yourself to stay
 Amongst us here, or are you going away
 To London court, or other distant parts,
 To leave your own poor us, with broken hearts?

PATIE.

To Edinburgh straight to-morrow we advance,
 To London next, and afterwards to France,
 Where I must stay some years, and learn to dance.
 With some more monkey-tricks—as I suppose;
 Then come home strutting in my red-heel'd shoes.
 And 'tis design'd, when I can well behave,
 That I shall be some pettish thing's dull slave
 For a few bags of cash, which, for my part,
 As needfuls are as third wheel to a cart;
 But Peggy, dearer to me than my breath,
 Sooner than hear such news shall hear my death.

ROGER.

"They that have just enough can soundly sleep,
 "O'erflowing wealth but troubles us to keep."
 From you, good Mr. Patrick, this tale came.

PATIE.

What was my morning thought at night's the same:
 The poor and rich but differ in the name.
 Content's the greatest bliss we can procure
 From Heav'n above—without it kings are poor.

ROGER.

Estates like yours can find contentment yield,
 Whilst we but pick it scantily off the wild:
 Fine clothes, soft beds, sweet houses, sparkling wine,
 Rich fare, and witty friends, whene'er you dine,

L 2

Submissive

Submissive servants, honour, wealth, and ease,
Wha's no content with these are ill to please.

PATIE.

Sae Roger thinks, and thinks not far amiss,
But mony a cloud hings hovering o'er their bliss :
The passions rule the roast—and if they're four,
Like the lean ky, they'll soon the fat devour :
The spleen, tint honour, and affronted pride,
Stang like the sharpest goads in gentry's side.
The gouts, and gravels, and the ill disease,
Are frequentest with fowk owrelaid with ease ;
While o'er the moor the shepherd, with less care,
Enjoys his sober wish and hale some air.

ROGER.

Lord, man, I wonder, ay, and it delights
My heart, whene'er I hearken to your flights :
How gat ye a' that sense I fain wad lear,
That I may easier disappointments bear ?

PATIE.

Frae books, the wale of books, I gat some skill,
These best can teach what's real good and ill :
Ne'er grudge ilk year to ware some stanes of cheese
To gain these silent friends that ever please.

ROGER.

I'll do't, and ye shall tell me which to buy :
Faith I've hae books, tho' I shou'd sell my ky :
But now let's hear how you're design'd to move
Between Sir William's will and Peggy's love.

PATIE.

Submissive servants honour, wealth, and ease,
Who's not content with these is ill to please.

PATIE.

So Roger thinks, and thinks not far amiss,
But many a cloud hangs hovering o'er the bliss:
The passions rule the roast—and if they're sour,
Like the lean kine, they'll soon the fat devour:
The spleen, lost honour, and affronted pride,
Sting like the sharpest darts in gentry's side.
Gouts, gravels, and perhaps a worse disease,
Most common are with those o'ercome with ease;
While o'er the heath the shepherd, with less care,
Enjoys his sober wish and wholesome air.

ROGER.

Lord, man, I wonder, and it much delights
My heart whene'er I listen to your flights:
How got you all that sense I fain would hear,
That I may disappointments learn to bear?

PATIE.

From books, the choicest books, I got some skill;
These best can teach what's real good or ill:
Ne'er grudge each year to spend some stones of cheese
To gain those silent friends that ever please.

ROGER.

That shall I do—and what to buy you'll tell:
Faith I'll have books, if I my cows should sell:
But let me know how you're design'd to move
Between Sir William's will and Peggy's love.

L 3

PATIE.

PATIE.

Then here it lies—his will maun be obey'd
 My vows I'll keep, and she shall be my bride :
 But I some time this last design maun hide.
 Keep you the secret close, and leave me here ;
 I sent for Peggy—yonder comes my dear.

ROGER.

And proud of being your secretary, I
 To wyle it frae me a' the deels defy.

[Exit ROGER.]

PATIE [solus.]

With what a struggle must I now impart
 My father's will to her that hads my heart :
 I ken she loves, and her fast soul will sink,
 While it stands trembling on the hated brink
 Of disappointment—Heav'n support my fair,
 And let her comfort claim your tender care :
 Her eyes are red——

ENTER PEGGY.

——My Peggy, why in tears ?
 Smile as ye wont, allow nae room for fears :
 Tho' I'm nae mair a shepherd, yet I'm thine.

PEGGY.

I dare not think sae high—I now repine
 At the unhappy chance that made not me
 A gentle match, or still a herd kept thee.

Wha

PATIE.

Then thus it is—his will must be obey'd,
 My vows I'll keep, and she shall be my bride:
 But I some time that last design must hide.
 Keep you the secret close, and leave me here;
 I sent for Peggy—yonder comes my dear.

ROGER.

So proud of being your confidant am I,
 To wile it from me e'en devils I defy,
 [Exit ROGER.]

PATIE [solus.]

With what a struggle must I now impart
 My father's will to her who holds my heart:
 I know she loves, and her soft soul will sink,
 While it stands trembling on the hated brink
 Of disappointment—Heav'n support my fair,
 And let her comfort claim thy tender care:
 Her eyes are red——

ENTER PEGGY.

—My Peggy, why in tears?
 Smile as thou wont'st, allow no room for fears:
 Though I'm no more a shepherd, yet I'm thine.

PEGGY.

I dare not look so high—I now repine
 At the unhappy fate that made not me
 A high-born maid, or shepherd still kept thee.

Wha can, withouten pain, see frae the coast,
 The ship that bears his a' like to be lost?
 Like to be carried by some rever's hand
 Far frae his wishes to some distant land.

PATIE.

Ne'er quarrel fate, whilst it with me remains
 To raise thee up, or still attend these plains.
 My father has forbid our loves, I own:
 But love's superior to a parent's frown:
 I falsehood hate: come kiss thy cares away;
 I ken to love as well as to obey.
 Sir William's generous; leave the task to me
 To mak strict duty and true love agree.

PEGGY.

Speak on! speak ever thus, and still my grief,
 But short I dare to hope the fond relief;
 New thoughts a gentler face will soon inspire,
 That with nice airs swims round in silk attire;
 Then I! poor me!—with sighs may ban my fate,
 When the young laird's nae mair my heartsome Pate.
 Nae mair again to hear sweet tales exprest,
 By the blyth shepherd that excell'd the rest.
 Nae mair be envied by the tattling gang,
 When Patie kiss'd me, when I danc'd or sang;
 Nae mair, alake! we'll on the meadows play,
 And rin haff breathless round the rucks of hay,
 As aft times I have fled from thee right fain,
 And fawn on purpose, that I might be tane:
 Nae mair around the foggy know I'll creep
 To watch and stare upon thee, while asleep.

But

Who can, without great pain, see from the coast
The ship that bears his all like to be lost?
Like to be carried by some pirates hand
Far from his wishes to a distant land.

PATIE.

Ne'er quarrel fate, whilst it with me remains
To raise thee up, or still attend these plains.
My father has forbid our love, I own :
But love's superior to a parent's frown :
I falsehood hate—I'll kiss thy tears away ;
I know to love as well as to obey.—
Sir William's generous ; leave the task to me
To make strict duty and true love agree.—

PEGGY.

Speak on! speak ever thus, and calm my grief,
Short time dare I to hope this kind relief;—
New thoughts some high born beauty will inspire,
That with nice airs swims round in silk attire;—
Then I! poor I! may of hard fate complain,
When the young 'squire's no more my cheerful swain:
No more again I'll hear sweet tales express'd
By the gay shepherd that excels the rest:—
No more be envied by the tattling gang,
Because thou kiss'd me when I danc'd or sang;
No more, alas! we'll on the meadows play,
And run half breathless round the ricks of hay;
That thou might'st follow, oft-times have I fled,
On purpose fall'n to be thy pris'ner made:—
No more around the mossy hillocks creep
To watch and gaze upon thee while asleep.

But

But hear my vow—'twill help to give me ease,—
 May sudden death, or deadly fair disease,
 And warft of ills attend my wretched life!
 If e'er to ane but you I be a wife.

SANG. Tune, *Waes my heart that we shou'd sunder.*

Speak on, speak thus, and still my grief,
 Hold up a heart that's sinking under
 These fears, that soon will want relief,
 When Pate must from his Peggy sunder.
 A gentler face and silk attire,
 A lady rich in beauty's blossom,
 Alake, poor me! will now conspire
 To steal thee from thy Peggy's bosom.

No more the shepherd who excell'd
 The rest, whose wit made them to wonder,
 Shall now his Peggy's praises tell;
 Ah! I can die, but never sunder.
 Ye meadows, where we often stray'd,
 Ye banks, where we were wont to wander;
 Sweet scented rucks round which we play'd,
 You'll lose your sweets when we're asunder.

Again, ah! shall I never creep
 Around the know with silent duty,
 Kindly to watch thee while asleep,
 And wonder at thy manly beauty.
 Hear, Heaven, while solemnly I vow,
 Tho' thou should'st prove a wand'ring lover,
 Throw life to thee I shall prove true,
 Nor be a wife to any other.

PATIE.

But hear my vow—'twill help to give me ease,—
May sudden death, or deadly sore disease,
And worst of ills attend my wretched life!
If e'er to one but thee I be a wife.

S O N G.

Speak on, speak thus, and calm my grief,
Hold up a heart that's sinking under
These fears, that soon will want relief,
When thou must from thy Peggy sunder.
Some high-born maid in silk attire,
A lady rich in beauty's blossom,
Alas, poor me! will soon conspire
To steal thee from thy Peggy's bosom.

No more the swain who did excel
The rest, whose wit made them to wonder,
Shall now his Peggy's praises tell;—
Ah! I can die, but never sunder.
Ye meadows, where we oft have stray'd,
Ye banks, where we were wont to wander,
Sweet scented ricks, round which we play'd,
You'll lose your sweets when we're asunder.

Again, ah! I shall never creep
The hillock round with silent duty,
Kindly to watch thee while asleep,
And wonder at thy manly beauty.
Hear, Heaven, while solemnly I vow,
Though thou should'st prove a wand'ring lover,
Through life to thee I shall prove true,
Nor be a wife to any other.

PATIE.

PATIE.

Sure heaven approves—and be assur'd of me,
 I'll ne'er gang back of what I've sworn to thee :
 And time, tho' time maun interpose a while,
 And I maun leave my Peggy and this isle,
 Yet time, nor distance, nor the fairest face,
 If there's a fairer, e'er shall fill thy place.
 I'd hate my rising fortune should it move
 The fair foundation of our faithfu' love.
 If at my foot were crowns and scepters laid,
 To bribe my soul frae thee, delightfu' maid,
 For thee I'd soon leave these inferior things
 To sic as have the patience to be kings.—
 Wherefore that tear? believe, and calm thy mind.

PEGGY.

I greet for joy, to hear my love sae kind ;
 When hopes were sunk, and nought but mirk despair,
 Made me think life was little worth my care :
 My heart was like to burst ; but now I see
 The gen'rous thoughts will save thy heart for me :
 With patience then, I'll wait each wheeling year,
 Dream thro' that night till my day-star appear ;
 And all the while I'll study gentler charms
 To make me fitter for my trav'ller's arms :
 I'll gain on uncle Glaud—he's far frae fool,
 And will not grudge to put me throw ilk school
 Where I may manners learn ———

SANG.

PATIE.

Sure heaven approves—and be assur'd of me,
I'll ne'er go back from what I've sworn to thee :
And time, though time must intervene awhile,
And I must leave my Peggy and this isle,
Yet time, nor distance, nor the fairest face,
If there's a fairer, e'er shall fill thy place.
I'd hate my rising fortune should it move
The fair foundation of our mutual love.
If at my feet were crowns and sceptres laid
To bribe my love from thee, delightful maid,
For thee I'd leave all these inferior things
To such as have the patience to be kings.—
Wherefore that tear? believe, and calm thy mind.

PEGGY.

I weep for joy, to hear my love so kind;
When hopes were sunk, and nought but dark despair,
I thought my life but little worth my care:
My heart was like to break; but now I see
Thy gen'rous thoughts will save thy heart for me:
With patience then I'll wait each wheeling year,
Dream through the night, till my day-star appear;
And all the while I'll study gentler charms
To make me fitter for my trav'ler's arms:
I'll gain on uncle Glaud—who's far from fool,
And will not grudge to put me to each school
Where I may manners learn —

SONG.

SANG. *Tune, Tweed side.*

PEGGY.

When hope was quite sunk in despair,
 My heart it was going to break;
 My life appear'd worthless my care,
 But now I will sav't for thy sake.
 Where e'er my love travels by day,
 Wherever he lodges by night,
 With me his dear image shall stay;
 And my soul keep him ever in fight.

With patience I'll wait the long year,
 And study the gentlest charms;
 Hope time away till thou appear,
 So lock thee for ay in those arms.
 Whilst thou wast a shepherd, I priz'd
 No higher degree in this life;
 But now I'll endeavour to rise
 To a height is becoming thy wife.

For beauty that's only skin deep,
 Must fade like the gowans of May,
 But inwardly rooted, will keep
 For ever, without a decay.
 Nor age, nor the changes of life,
 Can quench the fair fire of love,
 If virtue's ingrain'd in the wife,
 And the husband have sense to approve.

PATIE.

S O N G.

P E G G Y.

When hope was quite sunk in despair,
 My heart it was going to break ;
 My life appear'd worthless of care,
 But now I will sav't for your sake.
 Where'er my love travels by day,
 Wherever he lodges by night,
 With me his dear image shall stay ;
 And my soul keep him ever in sight.

With patience I'll wait the long year,
 And study the gentlest charms ;
 Hope time away till you appear,
 Then lock you for aye in these arms.
 When you were a shepherd, I sigh'd
 For no higher degree in this life ;
 But now all my skill shall be try'd
 To be what's becoming thy wife.

For beauty that's only skin deep,
 Must fade like the blossom in May,
 But, fix'd in the mind, it will keep
 For ever, without a decay.
 Nor age, nor the changes of life,
 Can quench the bright fire of true love,
 If virtue is fix'd in the wife,
 And the husband have sense to approve.

P A T I E.

PATIE.

— That's wisely said,
 And what he wares that way shall be well paid.
 Tho' without a' the little helps of art,
 Thy native sweets might gain a prince's heart;
 Yet now, lest in our station we offend,
 We must learn modes to innocence unkend;
 Affect a't-times to like the thing we hate,
 And drap serenity, to keep up state;
 Laugh when we're sad, speak when we've nought to say,
 And, for the fashion, when we're blyth, seem wae:
 Pay compliments to them we aft have scorn'd,
 Then scandalize them when their backs are turn'd.

PEGGY.

If this is gentry, I had rather be
 What I am still—but I'll be ought with thee.

PATIE.

No, no, my Peggy, I but only jest
 With gentry's apes; for still amangst the best,
 Good-manners give integrity a bleeze,
 When native virtues join the arts to please.

PEGGY.

Since with nae hazard, and sae small expence,
 My lad frae books can gather siccan sense.
 Then why, ah! why should the tempestuous sea
 Endanger thy dear life, and frighten me?
 Sir William's cruel that wad force his son,
 For watna whats, sae great a risk to run.

PATIE.

There is nae doubt but trav'ling does improve;
 Yet I wou'd shun it for thy sake, my love:

But

PATIE.

—That's wisely said,
 What he bestows that way shall be well paid.
 Though without all the little helps of art,
 Thy native sweets might gain a prince's heart;
 But in high stations, lest we give offence,
 We must learn modes unknown to innocence;
 Affect ofttimes to like the thing we hate,
 And drop sincerity to keep up state;
 Laugh when we're sad, speak when we've nought to say,
 And, for the fashion, mourn when we are gay:
 Pay compliments to those we oft have scorn'd,
 Then scandalize them when their backs are turn'd.

PEGGY.

If this be gentry, I had rather be
 Still what I am—but I'll be ought with thee.

PATIE.

No, my dear Peggy, I do only jest
 At gentry's apes; for, still among the best,
 Good manners make their merit brighter shine,
 When arts to please with native virtues join.

PEGGY.

Since with no hazard, and so small expense,
 From books my love can gather so much sense;
 Then why, ah! why should the tempestuous sea
 Endanger thy dear life, and frighten me?
 Sir William's cruel, that would force his son,
 For trifling nonsense, such great risk to run.

PATIE.

There is no doubt but trav'ling does improve;
 Yet I would shun it for thy sake, my love:

M

But

But soon as I've shook aff my landwart caft
In foreign cities, hame to thee I'll hafte.

S A N G. Tune, *Bush aboon Traquair.*

P E G G Y.

At setting day and rising morn,
With soul that still shall love thee,
I'll ask of heaven thy safe return,
With all that can improve thee.
I'll visit aft the birken bush,
Where first thou kindly told me
Sweet tales of love, and hid my blush,
Whilst round thou didst enfold me.

To all our haunts I will repair,
By greenwood shaw or fountain;
Or where the summer day I'd share
With thee, upon yon mountain.
There will I tell the trees and flow'rs,
From thoughts unfeign'd and tender;
By vows you're mine, by love is yours
A heart which cannot wander.

With every setting day and rising morn
I'll kneel to Heaven and ask thy safe return:
Under that tree, and on the fuckler brae,
Where aft we wont, when bairns, to run and play:
And

But soon as I've shook off my aukward air
In foreign parts, to thee I'll haste, my fair.

S O N G.

PEGGY.

At setting day and rising morn,
With soul that still shall love thee,
I'll ask of heaven thy safe return,
With all that can improve thee.
I'll visit of the birchen bush,
Where thou first kindly told me
Sweet tales of love, and hid my blush,
Whilst round thou didst unfold me.

To all our haunts I will repair,
By greenwood copse or fountain ;
And where the summer day I'd share
With thee upon yon mountain.
There I will tell the trees and flow'rs,
From thoughts unfeign'd and tender,
By vows you're mine, by love is yours
A heart that cannot wander.

With every setting day and rising morn
I'll kneel to Heaven and ask thy safe return :
Beneath that tree, and where we run and play'd,
Upon the bank where suckler lambkins feed ;

And to the Hiffel shaw, where first ye vow'd
Ye wad be mine, and I as eithly trow'd,
I'll aften gang, and tell the trees and flowers
With joy, that they'll bear witness I am yours.

PATIE.

My dear, allow me frae thy temples fair
A shining ringlet of thy flowing hair,
Which, as a sample of each lovely charm,
I'll aften kiss, and wear about my arm.

PEGGY.

Were ilka hair that appertains to me
Worth an estate, they all belong to thee:
My sheers are ready, take what you demand,
And aught what love with virtue may command.

PATIE.

Nae mair I'll ask; but since we've little time,
To ware't on words wad border on a crime,
Love's faster meaning better is exprest,
When it's with kisses on the heart imprest.

[Here they embrace, and the curtain's let down.]

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

Act

M

ACT

And to the copse where first you kindly mov'd
My yielding heart to trust I was belov'd,
I'll often go, and tell the trees and flowers
With joy, that they may witness I am yours.

PATIE.

My dear, allow me from thy temples fair
A shining ringlet of thy flowing hair,
Which, as a sample of each lovely charm,
I'll often kiss, and wear about my arm.

PEGGY.

Were every hair upon this head of mine
Worth an estate, by right they all are thine:
The ringlet take, my scissars are at hand,
For only what is right you will demand.

PATIE.

No more I'll ask; but since we've little time,
To spend it thus in words appears a crime;
Love's softer meaning better is exprest
When 'tis with kisses on the heart imprest.

[They embrace, and the curtain drops.]

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

 SCOTCH.

ACT V. SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

See how poor Bauldy stares like ane posselt,
 And roars up Symon frae his kindly rest:
 Bare-legg'd, with night-cap, and unbutton'd coat,
 See the auld man comes forward to the sot.

SYMON.

WHAT want ye, Bauldy, at this silent hour,
 When nature nods beneath the drowsy pow'r:
 Far to the north the scant approaching light
 Stands equal 'twixt the morning and the night?
 What gars ye shake, and glowre, and look sae wan?
 Your teeth they chitter, hair like bristles stand.

BAULDY.

O len me soon some water, milk, or ale,
 My head's grown giddy—legs with shaking fail;

I'll

ENGLISH.

ACT V. SCENE I.

DESCRIPTION.

See how poor Bauldy stares like one posselt,
And roars up Symon from his kindly rest:
Bare legg'd, and coat all loose, with night-cap on,
See the old man comes forward to the clown.

SYMON.

WHAT want you, Bauldy, at this silent hour,
When nature nods beneath the drowsy pow'r:
Far to the north the scant approaching light
Stands equal 'twixt the morning and the night?
What makes you look so pale, and shake, and stare?
Your teeth all chatt'ring, and erect your hair.

BAULDY.

O give me quick some water, milk, or ale,
My head's grown giddy—legs with trembling fail;

M 4

I'll

I'll ne'er dare venture forth at night my lane:
 Alake! I'll never be mysell again,
 I'll ne'er o'erput it! Symon, O Symon! O!—

[SYMON gives him a drink.

SYMON.

What ails thee, gowk?—to make so loud ado.
 You've wak'd Sir William, he has left his bed;
 He comes, I fear, ill pleas'd; I hear his tread.

ENTER SIR WILLIAM.

SIR WILLIAM.

How goes the night? Does day-light yet appear?
 Symon, you're very tymously asteer.

SYMON.

I'm forry, Sir, that we've disturb'd your rest,
 But some strange thing has Bauldy's sp'rit opprest,
 He's seen some witch, or wrestled with a ghaist. }

BAULDY.

O! ay—dear Sir, in troth, 'tis very true,
 And I am come to make my plaint to you.

SIR WILLIAM (*smiling.*)

I long to hear't—

BAULDY.

—Ah! Sir, the witch caw'd Maufe,
 That wins aboon the mill amang the haws,
 First promis'd that she'd help me with her art,
 To gain a bonny thrawart lassie's heart:
 As she had tryfted, I met wi'er this night,
 But may nae friend of mine get sic a fright!

For

I'll ne'er dare venture out alone at night:
 Alas! I'll ne'er recover from the fright,
 Ne'er be the man I was, O Symon! O!—

[SYMON gives him drink.

SYMON.

What ails thee, fool?—to make so much ado.
 Sir William's left his bed, his foot I hear;
 You've waked him; and he comes ill pleased, I fear.

ENTER SIR WILLIAM.

SIR WILLIAM.

How goes the night? You stir by times I see;
 Before 'tis light; how long d'ye think 'twill be?

SYMON.

I fear, Sir, we've disturbed your rest to night,
 But some strange thing's put Bauldy in a fright,
 He's seen a ghost, or wrestled with a sprite.

BAULDY.

O, yes—dear Sir, indeed 'tis very true,
 And I am come to make my plaint to you.

SIR WILLIAM (*smiling.*)

I long to hear't—

BAULDY.

—Ah, Sir! one Maufe, a witch most fell,
 Who 'mongst the hawthorn lives above the mill,
 First promis'd that she'd help me by her art,
 To gain a pretty wayward lass's heart:
 As she appointed, I met her to night,
 But may no friend of mine get such a fright!

For

For the curs'd hag, instead of doing me good,
 (The very thought o't's like to freeze my blood!)
 Rais'd up a ghaist or deel, I kenna whilk,
 Like a dead coarfe in sheet as white as milk;
 Black hands it had, and face as wan as death,
 Upon me fast the witch and it fell baith,
 Lows'd down my breeks, while I, like a great fool,
 Was labour'd as I won't to be at school.
 My heart out of its hool was like to lowp,
 I pithless grew with fear, and had nae hope,
 Till, with an elritch laugh they vanish'd quite;
 Syne I haf dead with anger, fear and spite,
 Crap up, and fled straight frae them, Sir, to you,
 Hoping your help to gi'e the deel his due.
 I'm sure my heart will ne'er gi'e o'er to dunt,
 Till in a fat tar-barrel Maufe be brunt.

SIR WILLIAM.

Well, Bauldy, whate'er's just shall granted be;
 Let Maufe be brought this morning down to me.

BAULDY.

Thanks to your honour, soon shall I obey;
 But first I'll Roger raise, and twa three mae,
 To catch her fast, or she get leave to squeel,
 And cast her cantraips that bring up the deel.

[Exit BAULDY.]

SIR WILLIAM.

Troth, Symon, Bauldy's more afraid than hurt,
 The witch and ghaist have made themselves good sport.
 What silly notions croud the clouded mind,
 That is throw want of education blind!

SYMON.

For the curst hag, instead of doing me good,
(The very thought is like to freeze my blood!)
Raisted up a ghost or devil, which I don't know,
Like a dead corse, in sheet as white as snow;
Black hands it had, its face was deadly pale,
Upon me fast the witch and it both fell;
Pull'd down my breeches, whilst I, like a fool,
Belabour'd was as I have been at school.
My heart did jump out of its place almost,
I powerless grew with fear, and hope was lost,
Then with an hideous laugh they vanish'd quite;
And I, half dead with anger, fear, and spite,
Crept up, and fled straight from them, Sir, to you,
Hoping your help to give the devil his due.
I'm sure my heart will never cease to beat,
Till I see Maufe upon the faggots set.

SIR WILLIAM.

Well, Bauldy, what is just shall granted be;
Let Maufe be brought this morning down to me.

BAULDY.

Thanks to your honour—you shall be obey'd;
But first I'll raise some friends, for I'm afraid,
If once the squall, that, by her witchcraft art,
She'll raise the devil himself to take her part.

[Exit BAULDY.]

SIR WILLIAM.

Troth, Symon, Bauldy's more afraid than hurt,
The witch and ghost have made themselves some sport.
What silly notions crowd the clouded mind,
That is through want of education blind!

— SYMON.

SYMON.

But does your honour think there's nae sic thing,
As witches raising deels up throw a ring,
Syne playing tricks?—a thousand I could tell
Could never be contriv'd on this side hell,

SIR WILLIAM.

Such as the devil's dancing in a moor
Amongst a few old women, craz'd and poor,
Who are rejoic'd to see him frisk and lowp
O'er braes and bogs with candles in his dowp,
Appearing sometimes like a black horn'd cow,
Aftimes like bawty, badrans, or a sow;
Then with his train throw airy paths to glide,
While they on cats, or clowns, or broomstafis, ride;
Or in the egg-shell skim out o'er the main,
To drink their leader's health in France or Spain;
Then aft by night bumbaze hare-hearted fools,
By tumbling down their cupboards, chairs, and stools.
Whate'er's in spells, or if there witches be,
Such whimsies seem the most absurd to me,

SYMON.

'Tis true enough, we ne'er heard that a witch
Had either meikle sense, or yet was rich;
But Maufe, tho' poor, is a sagacious wife,
And lives a quiet and very honest life;
That gars me think, this hoblefshew that's past
Will end in naithing but a joke at last.

SIR WILLIAM.

I'm sure it will; but see increasing light
Commands the imps of darkness down to-night:

SYMON.

Bid

SYMON.
 But does your honour think there's no such thing
 As witches raising devils up through a ring,
 Then playing tricks?—a thousand I could tell
 Could never be contriv'd on this fide hell.

SIR WILLIAM.

Such as the devil's dancing on a moor
 Amongst a few old women, craz'd and poor,
 Who are rejoic'd to see him frisk and jump
 O'er banks and bogs with candles in his rump,
 Appearing sometimes like a black horn cow,
 A dog, a cat,—and sometimes like a sow;
 Then with his train through airy paths to glide,
 Whilst they on cats, or clowns, or broomsticks, ride;
 Or in the egg-shell skim across the main,
 To drink their leader's health in France or Spain;
 Then oft by night amaze hare-hearted fools,
 By tumbling down their cupboards, chairs, or stools.
 Whate'er's in spells, or if there witches be,
 Such whimsies seem the most absurd to me.

SYMON.

'Tis true enough, we ne'er heard that a witch
 Was ever fam'd for sense, or yet was rich:
 But Maufe, though poor, is a sagacious wife,
 And lives a quiet, very honest life;
 Which makes me think this hurly-burly past
 Will end in nothing but a jest at last.

SIR WILLIAM.

I'm sure it will;—but see increasing light
 Commands the imps of darkness down to-night:

SCENE

Bid

Call up my servants, and my horse prepare,
Whilst I walk out to take the morning air.

S A N G. Tune, *Bonny gray-ey'd morn.*

The bonny gray-ey'd morning begins to peep,
And darkness flies before the rising ray;
The hearty hynd starts from his lazy sleep,
To follow healthfu' labours of the day.
Without a guilty sting to wrinkle his brow,
The lark and the linnet tend his levee;
And he joins their concert driving the plow,
From toil of grimace and pageantry free.

While fluster'd with wine, or madden'd with loss
Of half an estate, the prey of a main,
The drunkard and gamester tumble and tofs,
Wishing for calmness and slumber in vain.
Be my portion, health and quietness of mind,
Plac'd at due distance from parties and state,
Where neither ambition, nor avarice blind,
Reach him who has happiness link'd to his fate.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

Bid raise my servants, and my horse prepare,
Whilst I walk out to take the morning air.—

S O N G.

The lovely gray-ey'd morn begins to peep,
And darkness flies before the rising ray;
The hearty hind starts from his lazy sleep,
To follow healthful labours through the day:
Without a guilty sting to wrinkle his brow,
The lark and the linnet attend his levee;
And he joins their concert driving his plow,
From toil of grimace and pageantry free.

While heated with wine, or madden'd with loss
Of half an estate, the prey of a main,
The drunkard and gamester tumble and tofs,
Wishing for calmness and slumber in vain:
May health be my lot, and peaceful my mind,
Plac'd at due distance from parties and state;
Where neither ambition, nor avarice blind,
Reach him who has happiness link'd to his fate!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

While Peggy laces up her bosom fair,
 With a blue snood Jenny binds up her hair;
 Glaud by his morning ingle takes a beek,
 The rising sun shines motty throw the reek:
 A pipe in's mouth, the lassies please his een,
 And now and then his joke maun interveen.

GLAUD.

I wish, my bairns, it may keep fair till night,
 Ye do not use so soon to see the light;
 Nae doubt now ye intend to mix the thrang,
 To tak your leave of Patrick or he gang:
 But, do ye think, that now when he's a laird,
 That he poor landwart lassies will regard?

JENNY.

Tho' he's young master now, I'm very sure
 He has mair sence than slight auld friends, tho' poor.
 But yesterday he ga'e us mony a tug,
 And kifs'd my cufin there frae lug to lug.

GLAUD.

Ay, ay, nae doubt o't, and he'll do't again;
 But, be advis'd, his company refrain:
 Before, he, as a shepherd, sought a wife,
 With her to live a chaste and frugal life;

But

SCENE II.

DESCRIPTION.

While Peggy laces up her bosom fair,
 With a blue fillet Jenny binds her hair;
 Glaud by his morning fire has set him down,
 And motty shines through smoke the rising sun:
 A pipe in's mouth, the lasses please his eyes,
 And now and then good-humour'd jests he tries.

GLAUD.

I wish, my girls, it may keep fair till night,
 You do not use so soon to see the light;
 You mean to join the throng, as I suppose,
 That take their leave of Patrick ere he goes:
 But do you think, a 'squire as he is now,
 That he'll regard two home-spun maids like you?

JENNY.

Though he's young master, I am very sure
 He has more sense than slight old friends, though poor:
 Last night in all our sports he took his share,
 And kiss'd my cousin too from ear to ear.

GLAUD.

So, so, no doubt—most like he will again;
 But be advis'd—his company refrain:
 Before he, as a shepherd, fought a wife,
 With her to lead a chaste and frugal life:

N

But

But now grown gentle, soon he will forsake
Sic godly thoughts, and brag of being a rake.

PEGGY.

A rake, what's that?—Sure if it means ought ill,
He'll never be't, else I have tint my skill.

CLAUD.

Daft lassie, ye ken nought of the affair,
You young and good, and gentle's unco rare;
A rake's a graceless spark, that thinks nae shame
To do what like of us thinks fin to name;
Sic are sae void of shame, they'll never stap
To brag how aften they have had the clap; [flush'd,
They'll tempt young things like you, with youdith
Syne mak ye a' their jest when ye're debauch'd.
Be wary then I say, and never gi'e
Encouragement, or bourd with sic as he.

PEGGY.

Sir William's vertuous, and of gentle blood;
And may not Patrick too, like him be good?

CLAUD.

That's true, and mony gentry mae than he,
As they are wiser, better are than we;
But thinner sawn; they're sae puft up with pride,
There's mony of them mocks ilk haly guide
That shaws the gate to heaven;—I've heard mysell,
Some of them laugh at doomsday, fin, and hell.

JENNY.

Watch o'er us, father! heh, that's very odd,
Sure him that doubts a doomsday doubts a God.

CLAUD.

But now, a gentleman, he'll soon forsake,
Such virtuous thoughts, and boast of being a rake.

PEGGY.

A rake! what's that? Sure if it means ought ill,
That he'll ne'er be, or I have lost my skill.

CLAUD.

Ah, simple maid! you know naught of the affair,
One young, and good, and great, is very rare:—
A rake's a graceless spark, who's not ashamed
To do what we think sinful to be named;
Such are so void of sense, that they will boast
Of ruin'd health by shameful lewdness lost.
Kind youthful maids like you by wiles they'll won,
Then jest and scorn them when they are undone.
Be wary then I say, nor dally you
With such as he, or you at last will rue.

PEGGY.

Sir William's virtuous, and of noble blood;
And may not Patrick too, like him, be good?

CLAUD.

That's true, and many gentry more than he,
As they are wiser, better are than we;—
But thinner sown; they're so puff'd up with pride,
Many there are who mock each holy guide
That shews the way to heaven;—I know it well—
I've heard them laugh at doomsday, sin, and hell.

JENNY.

Watch o'er us, father! ah, that's very odd!
Sure he that doubts a doomsday doubts a God.

N 2

CLAUD.

GLAUD.

Doubt! why they neither doubt, nor judge, nor think,
 Nor hope, nor fear; but curse, debauch, and drink:
 But I'm no saying this, as if I thought
 That Patrick to sic gaits will e'er be brought.

PEGGY.

The Lord forbid! Na, he kens better things:
 But here comes aunt, her face some ferly brings.

ENTER MADGE.

MADGE.

Haste, haft ye, we're a' sent for owre the gate,
 To hear, and help to red some odd debate,
 'Tween Maufe and Bauldy, 'bout some witchcraft spell
 At Symon's house, the knight fits judge himsell.

GLAUD.

Lend me my staff—Madge, lock the outer door,
 And bring the lassies wi' ye; I'll step before.

[Exit.

MADGE.

Poor Meg!—Look, Jenny, was the like e'er seen?
 How bleer'd and red with greeting look her een!
 This day her brankan wooer taks his horse,
 To strute a gentle spark at Edinburgh cross;
 To change his kent cut frae the branchy plain,
 For a nice sword and glancing headed cane;
 To leave his ram-horn spoons and kitted whey,
 For gentler tea, that smells like new-won hay;

To

GLAUD.

Doubt! why they neither doubt, nor judge, nor think,
Nor hope, nor fear; but curse, debauch, and drink:—
But I'm not saying this, as if I thought
That Patrick to such ways would e'er be brought.—

PEGGY.

The Lord forbid!—No, he knows better things:—
But here's our aunt—her face some wonder brings.—

ENTER MADGE.

MADGE.

Haste, haste—we're all sent for o'er the way,
To hear, and help to clear some strange fray
'Bout witchcraft spells—Bauldy accuses Maufe
At Symon's house, the knight's to judge the cause.—

GLAUD.

Give me my staff—Madge, lock the outer door,
And bring the girls with you—I'll step before.

[Exit.

MADGE.

Poor Peg! do Jenny look—alas! alas!
Her eyes how red—and woe begone her face!
To-day her sparkish lad for Edinburgh goes,
To strut a gentleman amongst the beaus;—
To change his crook, cut from the branchy plain,
For a nice sword and glitt'ring headed cane;
To leave his ram-horn spoons and country whey,
For scented tea that smells like new-mown hay;

To leave the green sward dance when we gae milk,
 To rustle amang the beauties clad in silk.
 But Meg, poor Meg! maun with the shepherds stay,
 And tak what God will fend in hodden gray.

PEGGY.

Dear aunt, what needs ye fash us wi' your scorn;
 That's no my faut that I'm nae gentler born.
 Gif I the daughter of some laird had been,
 I ne'er had notic'd Patie on the green:
 Now since he rises why should I repine?
 If he's made for another, he'll ne'er be mine:
 And then, the like has been, if the decree
 Designs him mine, I yet his wife may be.

MADGE.

A bony story, trowth!—But we delay;
 Prin up your aprons baith, and come away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

To leave the greensward dance when we go milk,
To rustle among the beauties cloth'd in silk.
But Peg, poor Peg! must with the shepherds stay,
And take what God will send in home-spun gray.

PEGGY.

Dear aunt, what need you teaze us with your scorn?
'Tis not my fault that I'm not higher born.
If I the daughter of some lord had been,
I ne'er had notic'd Patrick on the green:
Now since he rises, why should I repine?
If he's made for another, he'll ne'er be mine:
And then, the like has been, should heaven's decree
Design him mine, I yet his wife may be.

MADGE.

A likely story, troth! but we delay;
Pin up your aprons both, and come away..

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

PROLOGUE.

Sir William fills the two-arm'd chair,
 While Symon, Roger, Glaud, and Maufe
 Attend, and with loud laughter hear
 Daft Bauldy bluntly plead his cause:
 For now it's tell'd him that the tawz
 Was handled by revengesu' Madge,
 Because he brak good breeding's laws,
 And with his nonsense rais'd their rage.

SIR WILLIAM,

AND was that all?—Well, Archbald, ye was serv'd
 No otherwise than what ye well deserv'd.
 Was it so small a matter to defame,
 And thus abuse an honest woman's name?
 Besides your going about to have betray'd,
 By perjury, an innocent young maid.

BAULDY.

Sir, I confess my faut thro' a' its steps,
 And ne'er again shall be untrue to Neps.

MAUSE.

Thus far, Sir, he oblig'd me on the score,
 I kend not that they thought me sic before.

BAULDY.

An't like your honour, I believe it well;
 But trowth I was e'en doilt to seek the deel;

Yet

SCENE III.

DESCRIPTION.

Sir William fills the two-arm'd chair,
 While Symon, Roger, Glaud, and Maufe,
 Attend, and with loud laughter hear
 Poor Bauldy bluntly plead his cause:
 For now 'tis told him that the switch
 Was handled by revengeful Madge
 For calling her bad names, and Maufe a witch,
 Which with his ill-bred nonsense rais'd their rage.

SIR WILLIAM.

AND was that all?—Well, Archbald, you were serv'd
 Just as I think your conduct well deserv'd.
 Was it so small a matter to defame,
 And thus abuse an honest woman's name?
 Besides I hear you meant to have betray'd,
 By perjury, an innocent young maid.

BAULDY.

Sir, I confess my fault through all its steps,
 And ne'er again shall be untrue to Neps.

MAUSE.

Thus far, Sir, he informed on that head,
 Before I know not what of me they said.

BAULDY.

And please you, Sir, of that no doubt I had;
 But sure to seek the devil I was half mad;

Yct

Yet with your Honour's leave, tho' she's nae witch,
 She's baith a flee and a revengefu'——
 And that my some-place finds;——but I had best
 Haud in my tongue; for yonder comes the ghaist,
 And the young bonny witch, whase rosie cheek
 Sent me without my wits the deel to seek.

ENTER MADGE, PEGGY, AND JENNY.

SIR WILLIAM (*looking at PEGGY.*)

Whose daughter's she that wears th' Aurora gown,
 With face so fair, and locks a lovely brown?
 How sparkling are her eyes! what's this I find!
 The girl brings all my sifter to my mind.
 Such were the features once adorn'd a face,
 Which death too soon depriv'd of sweetest grace:
 In this your daughter, Glaud?——

GLAUD.

—Sir, she's my niece—
 And yet she's not—but I should had my piece.

SIR WILLIAM.

This is a contradiction; what d'ye mean?
 She is, and she is not! pray, Glaud, explain.

GLAUD.

Because I doubt, if I should mak appear
 What I have kept a secret thirteen year—

MAUSE.

You may reveal what I can fully clear.

SIR WILLIAM.

Speak soon: I'm all impatience!—

PATIE.

Yet, with your honour's leave, if she's no witch
 She's both a fly and a revengeful——
 And that my some-place finds;——but I'll be dumb
 Upon that head, for here the ghost doth come,
 And the young pretty witch, whose rosie cheek
 Sent me without my wits the devil to seek.

ENTER MADGE, PEGGY, AND JENNY.

SIR WILLIAM (*looking at PEGGY.*)

Whose daughter's she that wears th' Aurora gown,
 With face so fair, and locks a lovely brown?—
 How sparkling are her eyes! what's this I find!—
 The girl brings all my fister to my mind.
 Such were the features once that form'd a face
 Which death too soon depriv'd of sweetest grace.
 Is this your daughter, Glaud?——

GLAUD.

—Sir, she's my niece—
 And yet she's not—but I should hold my peace.

SIR WILLIAM.

This is a contradiction; what d'ye mean?
 She is, and she is not! pray, Glaud, explain.

GLAUD.

Because I doubt, if I should make appear
 What I have secret kept this thirteen year—

MAUSE.

You may reveal what I can fully clear.

SIR WILLIAM.

Speak on: I'm all impatience!—

PATIE.

PATIE.

—So am I!

For much I hope, and hardly yet know why.

GLAUD.

Then, since my master orders, I obey—

This *bonny fundling* æ clear morn of May,

Close by the lee side of my door I found,

All sweet and clean, and carefully hapt round,

In infant weeds, of rich and gentle make.

What cou'd they be, thought I, did thee forsake!

Wha, warse than brutes, cou'd leave expos'd to air

Sae much of innocence, sae sweetly fair,

Sae helpless young; for she appear'd to me,

Only about twa towmands auld to be.

I took her in my arms, the bairnie smil'd,

With sic a look, wad made a savage mild.

I hid the story, she has pass'd sincefyne,

As a poor orphan, and a niece of mine:

Nor do I rue my care about the wean,

For she's well worth the pains that I have tane.

Ye see she's bonny; I can swear she's good,

And am right sure she's come of gentle blood;

Of whom I kenna—naithing ken I mair,

Than what I to your honour now delare.

SIR WILLIAM.

This tale seems strange!—

PATIE.

The tale delights my ear!

SIR WILLIAM.

Command your joys, young man, till truth appear:

MAUSE.

PATIE.

—So am I!

For much I hope, and yet I know not why.

GLAUD.

Then, since my master orders, I obey—

This pretty foundling, one clear morn of May,

Close by the calm side of my door I found,

All sweet and clean, and carefully wrapt round

In infant robes, of rich and noble make.

What could they be, thought I, did thee forsake!

Who, worse than brutes, could leave expos'd to air

So much of innocence, so sweetly fair,

So helpless young; for she appeared to me,

As I could guess near two years old to be?

I took her in my arms, the infant smil'd

With such a look 'twould made a savage mild.

I hid the story; she has pass'd since then

For a poor orphan, and a niece of mine:

What care I have bestow'd I ne'er shall rue,

Her merit's such I think it all her due.

You see she's pretty; I can swear she's good,

And I'm right sure she's sprung from noble blood;

Of whom I know not—no more can I unfold

Than what I to your honour now have told.

SIR WILLIAM.

The tale seems strange!—

PATIE.

—The tale delights mine ear!

SIR WILLIAM.

Command your joys, young man, till truth appear.

MAUSE.

MAUSE.

That be my task—Now, Sir, bid all be hush,
 Peggy may smile—Thou hast no cause to blush,
 Lang have I wish'd to see this happy day,
 That I might safely to the truth give way;
 That I may now Sir William Worthy name,
 The best and nearest parent she can claim.
 He saw't at first, and with quick eyes did trace
 His sister's beauties in her daughter's face.

SIR WILLIAM.

Old woman, do not rave—prove what you say;
 'Tis dangerous in affairs like this to play.

PATIE.

What reason, Sir, can an old woman have
 To tell a lie, when she's fae near her grave?
 But how, or why, it should be truth, I grant,
 I every thing that looks like reason want.

OMNES.

The story's odd! we wish we heard it out.

SIR WILLIAM.

Make haste, old woman, and resolve each doubt.

[MAUSE goes forward leading PEGGY to SIR WILLIAM.]

MAUSE.

Sir, view me well, has fifteen years so plew'd
 A wrinkled face that you have often view'd,
 That here I as an unknown stranger stand,
 Who nurs'd her mother that now holds my hand? }
 Yet stronger proofs I'll give if you demand.

SIR

MAUSE.

That be my task—Now, Sir, bid all be hush,
 Peggy may smile—She has no cause to blush.
 Long have I wish'd to see this happy day,
 That I might safely to the truth give way;
 That I may now Sir William Worthy name,
 The best and nearest parent she can claim.
 He saw at first, and with quick eye did trace,
 His sister's beauties in her daughter's face.

SIR WILLIAM.

Old woman, do not rave—prove what you say;
 'Tis dangerous in affairs like this to play.

PATIE.

What reason, Sir, can an old woman have
 To tell a lie when she's so near her grave?
 But I will own, whate'er can make appear
 That this is true, is what I wish to hear.

OMNES.

The story's odd! we wish we heard it out.

SIR WILLIAM.

Make haste, good woman, and resolve each doubt.

[MAUSE goes forward leading PEGGY to SIR WILLIAM.]

MAUSE.

Sir, view me well! ah, me! and has the space
 Of fifteen years so plough'd this wrinkled face
 That here I as an unknown stranger stand,
 Who nurs'd her mother that now holds my hand?
 Yet stronger proofs I'll give if you demand.

SIR

SIR WILLIAM.

Ha honest nurse! where were my eyes before!
 I know thy faithfulness, and need no more:
 Yet from the lab'rinth, to lead out my mind,
 Say, to expose her, who was so unkind?

[SIR WILLIAM embraces PEGGY, and makes her sit by him.]

SIR WILLIAM.

Yes, surely, thou'rt my niece! truth must prevail;
 But no more words, 'till Maufe relate her tale.

PATIE.

Good nurse, dispatch thy story wing'd with blisses,
 That I may give my cusin fifty kifies.

MAUSE.

Then it was I that sav'd her infant-life,
 Her death being threaten'd by an uncle's wife.
 The story's lang; but I the secret knew,
 How they pursu'd with avaritious view
 Her rich estate, of which they're now possest.
 All this to me a confident confest.

I heard with horror, and with trembling dread,
 They'd smoor the sakeless orphan in her bed.
 That very night, when all were sunk in rest,
 At midnight hour the floor I softly prest,
 And staw the sleeping innocent away,
 With whom I travell'd some few miles ere day.
 All day I hid me;—when the day was done,
 I kept my journey, lighted by the moon,

'Till

SIR WILLIAM.

Ha! honest nurse! where were my eyes before!
I knew thy faithfulness, and need no more:
Yet from the lab'rinth, to lead out my mind,
Say, to expose her, who was so unkind?

[SIR WILLIAM embraces PEGGY and makes her sit by him.]

SIR WILLIAM.

Yes, surely, thou'rt my niece! truth must prevail;
But no more words 'till Mause has told her tale.

PATIE.

Good nurse, dispatch thy story wing'd with blisses,
That I may give my cousin fifty kisses.

MAUSE.

Then it was I that sav'd her infant-life
When it was threaten'd by an uncle's wife.
The story's long; but I the secret knew,
How they pursued with avaricious view
Her rich estate, of which they're now possess:
All this to me a confidant confest.
I heard with horror, and with trembling dread,
The harmless child they'd smother in her bed.
That very night, when all were sunk in rest,
At midnight hour the floor I softly prest,
And stole the sleeping innocent away,
With whom I travell'd some few miles ere day.
All day I hid me;—when the day was done
I kept my journey, lighted by the moon,

O

'Till

'Till eastward fifty miles I reach'd these plains,
 Where needful plenty glads your chearful swains.
 For fear of being found out, and, to secure
 My charge, I laid her at this shepherd's door;
 And took a neighbouring cottage here, that I,
 Whate'er should happen to her, might be by.
 Here, honest Glaud himsell, and Symon may
 Remember well how I that very day
 Frae Roger's father took my little crove.

GLAUD (*with tears of joy happing down his beard.*)

I well remember't: Lord reward your love!
 Lang have I wish'd for this; for aft I thought
 Sic knowledge some time should about be brought.

PATIE.

'Tis now a crime to doubt—my joys are full
 With due obedience to my parent's will.
 Sir, with paternal love survey her charms,
 And blame me not for rushing to her arms:
 She's mine by vows, and would, tho' still unknown,
 Have been my wife, when I my vows durst own.

SIR WILLIAM.

My niece, my daughter, welcome to my care,
 Sweet image of thy mother, good and fair;
 Equal with Patrick: now my greatest aim
 Shall be to aid your joys and well-match'd flame.
 My boy, receive her from your father's hand
 With as good will as either would demand.

[PATIE

Till eastward fifty miles I reach'd these plains,
 Where needful plenty glads your cheerful swains.
 For fear of being found out, and to secure
 My charge, I laid her at this shepherd's door;
 And took a neighbouring cottage here, that I,
 Whate'er might happen to her, might be by.
 Here, honest Glaud himself, and Symon may
 Remember well how I that very day
 From Roger's father took my little crove.

GLAUD (*with tears of joy.*)

Well I remember: Heavens reward your love!
 Long have I wished for this; for oft I thought
 In time such knowledge would about be brought.

PATIE.

'Tis now a crime to doubt—my joys o'erflow,
 Yet to your will I due obedience owe.
 O, Sir! with love paternal view her charms,
 And blame me not for rushing to her arms!
 She's mine by vows, and would, though still unknown,
 Have been my wife when I those vows durst own.

SIR WILLIAM.

My niece, my daughter, welcome to my care,
 Sweet image of thy mother, good and fair;
 Equal with Patrick: now my greatest aim
 Shall be to aid your joys and well-match'd flame.
 My boy, receive her from your father's hand
 With as good will as either could demand.

[PATIE and PEGGY embrace and kneel to SIR WILLIAM.]

PATIE.

With as much joy this blessing I receive
As ane wad life that's sinking in a wave.

SIR WILLIAM (*raises them.*)

I give you both my blessing; may your love
Produce a happy race, and still improve!

PEGGY.

My wishes are compleat—my joys arise,
While I'm hae dizzy with the blest surprise.
And am I then a match for my ain lad,
That for me so much generous kindness had?
Lang may Sir William bless these happy plains,
Happy, while Heaven grant, he on them remains.

PATIE.

Be lang our guardian, still our master be;
We'll only crave what you shall please to gie?
The estate be yours, my Peggy's ane to me. }

GLAUD.

I hope your honour now will take amends
Of them that fought her life for wicked ends.

SIR WILLIAM.

The base unnatural villain soon shall know
That eyes above watch the affairs below:
I'll strip him soon of all to her pertains,
And make him reimburse his ill got gains.

PEGGY.

[PATIE and PEGGY embrace and kneel to SIR WILLIAM.]

PATIE.

With as much joy this blessing I receive
As one would life that's sinking in a wave.

SIR WILLIAM (*raising them.*)

I give you both my blessing;—may your love
Produce a happy race, and still improve!—

PEGGY.

My wishes are complete—and joys arise,
While I'm half giddy with the blest surprize.
And do I then my Patrick's equal prove,
Who had for me such kind, such generous love?—
Long may Sir William bless these happy plains!
Happy, while Heaven permits, he there remains—

PATIE.

Still as our guardian—nay our master—live,
No more we'll ask than you shall please to give;
With Peggy blest, my heart has nought to crave.

CLAUD.

I hope your honour now will take amends
Of them who fought her life for wicked ends.

SIR WILLIAM.

The base unnatural villain soon shall know
That eyes above watch the affairs below:
I'll strip him soon of all belongs to her,
And make him reimburse with shame and fear.

PEGGY.

To me the views of wealth, and an estate,
Seem light, when put in balance with my Pate:
For his sake only I'll ay thankfu' bow
For such a kindness, best of men, to you.

SYMON.

What double blythness wakens up this day;
I hope now, Sir, you'll no soon haste away.
Sall I unsaddle your horse, and gar prepare
A dinner for ye of hale country fare?
See how much joy unwrinkles every brow,
Our looks hing on the twa, and doat on you:
Even Bauldy, the bewitch'd, has quite forgot
Fell Madge's tawz, and pawky Mause's plot.

SIR WILLIAM.

Kindly old man; remain with you this day!
I never from these fields again will stray:
Masons and wrights shall soon my house repair,
And busy gardners shall new planting rear:
My father's hearty table you soon shall see
Restor'd, and my best friends rejoice with me.

SYMON.

That's the best news I heard this twenty year!
New day breaks up, rough times begin to clear.

GLAUD.

God save the king, and save Sir William lang,
To enjoy their ain, and raise the shepherds' sang.

ROGER.

Wha winna dance, wha will refuse to sing?
What shepherd's whistle winna lilt the spring?

BAULDY.

PEGGY.

My change of fortune does but light appear,
 When balanc'd with the lad my soul holds dear;
 For his sake, best of men! I'll ever prove,
 Most grateful for your matchless, gen'rous love.—

SYMON.

What double joy awakens up this day;
 I hope now, Sir, you won't soon haste away.
 Shall I unsaddle your horse, and make prepare
 A dinner for you of good country fare?—
 See how much joy unwrinkles every brow,
 Our looks hang on the two, and doat on you:
 E'en Bauldy, the bewitch'd, has quite forgot
 Keen Madge's switch, and fly old Maufe's plot.—

SIR WILLIAM.

Kind good old man! remain with you this day!
 I never from these fields again will stray:
 Mechanics quickly shall my house repair,
 And busy gard'ners shall my planting rear:
 My father's plenteous table you shall see
 Restor'd, and my best friends rejoice with me.

SYMON.

That's the best news I've heard this twenty year!
 New day breaks up, rough times begin to clear.

CLAUD.

God bless Sir William, and God save the king,
 To enjoy their own, and make the shepherds sing.

ROGER.

Come, let us all rejoice—Come, let us sing;
 And in one chorus join, 'God save the King!'

BAULDY.

I'm friends with Maufe,--with very Madge I'm greed,
 Altho' they skelpit me when woodly fleid;
 I'm now fu' blyth, and frankly can forgive,
 To join and sing 'Lang may Sir William live.'

MADGE.

Lang may he live;—and Archbald learn to steek
 Your gab a wee, and think before you speak,
 And never ca' her auld that wants a man,
 Else ye may yet some witche's fingers ban.
 This day I'll with the youngest of ye rant,
 And brag for ay that I was ca'd the aunt
 Of our young lady,—my dear bonny bairn!

PEGGY.

No other name I'll ever for you learn:
 And, my good nurse, how shall I gratefu' be,
 For a' thy matchless kindness done for me?

MAUSE.

The flowing pleasures of this happy day
 Does fully all I can require repay.

SIR WILLIAM.

To faithful Symon, and, kind Glaud, to you.
 And to your heirs, I give in endless feu,
 The mailens ye possess as justly due,
 For acting like kind fathers to the pair
 Who have enough besides, and these can spare.
 Maufe, in my house, in calmness close your days,
 With nought to do but sing your Maker's praise.

OMNES.

BAULDY.

I'm friends with Maufe—with very Madge agreed,
 Although she switch'd me well when sore afraid;—
 But I'm so happy, freely I forgive,
 And joyful sing—' Long may Sir William live!'

MADGE.

Long may he live;—and, Archbald, learn to check
 That tongue of yours, and think before you speak;
 Ne'er call her old that's maid against her will,
 Or you may curse some witch's fingers still.
 This day I'll with the youngest of you flaunt,
 And ever boast that I was call'd the aunt
 Of our young lady,—my child; my pretty dear!—

PEGGY.

From me no other name you e'er shall hear:
 And, my good nurse—how shall I grateful be
 For all thy matchless kindness done to me?

MAUSE.

The flowing pleasures of this happy day
 Do fully all I can require repay.

SIR WILLIAM.

To faithful Symon—and, kind Glaud, to thee
 And both your heirs, I give in simple fee,
 As justly due, the lands you rent of me,
 For acting like kind fathers to the pair
 Who have enough besides, and these can spare.
 Maufe, in my house, in calmness close your days,
 With nought to do but sing your Maker's praise.

OMNRS.

The Lord of heaven return your honour's love,
Confirm your joys, and a' your blessings roove.

PATIE [*presenting* ROGER *to* SIR WILLIAM.]

Sir, here's my trusty friend, that always shar'd
My bosom secrets ere I was a laird:
Glaud's daughter, Janet, (Jenny think nae shame)
Rais'd and maintains in him a lover's flame:
Lang was he dumb, at last he spak and won,
And hopes to be our honest uncle's son;
Be pleas'd to speak to Glaud for his consent,
That nane may wear a face of discontent.

SIR WILLIAM.

My son's demand is fair—Glaud, let me crave,
That trusty Roger may your daughter have
With frank consent: and while he does remain
Upon these fields, I make him chamberlain.

GLAUD.

You crowd your bounties, Sir, what can we say,
But that we're dyvours that can never pay;
Whate'er your honour will's I shall obey.

Roger, my daughter with my blessing take,
And still your master's right your business make:
Please him, be faithful, and this auld gray head
Shall nod with quietness down amang the dead.

ROGER.

I ne'er was good at speaking a' my days,
Or ever loo'd to make o'er great a fraise;
But for my master, father, and my wife,
I will employ the cares of all my life.

SIR

OMNES.

O, may the Lord of heaven your honour bless,
Confirm your joys, and guard what you possess!—

PATIE [*presenting* ROGER to SIR WILLIAM.]

My trusty friend, who all my secrets knew
Ere I was rich, let me present to you:
He loves Glaud's daughter—Jenny, why asham'd?
In virtuous love there's nothing to be blamed:
Long was he dumb—at last he spake and won,
And hopes to be our honest uncle's son;
Be pleas'd to ask good Glaud for his consent,
That none may wear a face of discontent.

SIR WILLIAM.

My son's demand is fair—Glaud, let me crave
That trusty Roger may your daughter have;
Give frank consent, and steward he shall be
O'er all the lands that here belong to me.

GLAUD.

You crowd your bounties, Sir, what can we say,
But that we're bankrupts who can ne'er repay?
What you command I'll willingly obey.

Roger, my daughter with my blessing take—
Your master's interest still your business make:
Please him, be faithful, and this old grey head
With quietness shall nod down to the dead.

ROGER.

To make fine speeches never was my way,
And when I feel the most, I least can say:
But for my master, father, and my wife—
Them will I strive to please while I have life.

SIR WILLIAM.

My friends, I'm satisfy'd you'll all behave,
 Each in his station, as I'd wish or crave.
 Be ever virtuous, soon or late ye'll find
 Reward and satisfaction to your mind.
 The maze of life sometimes looks dark and wild,
 And aft, when hopes are highest, we're beguil'd.
 Aft when we stand on brinks of dark despair,
 Some happy turn with joy dispels our care;
 Now all's at rights, who sings best let me hear.

PEGGY.

When you demand I readiest should obey:
 I'll sing you ane, the newest that I hae.

S A N G. *Tune, Corn-riggs are bony.*

My Patie is a lover gay,
 His mind is never muddy;
 His breath is sweeter than new hay,
 His face is fair and ruddy:
 His shape is handsome, middle size,
 He's comely in his wawking;
 The shining of his een surprize,
 'Tis heaven to hear him tawking.
 Last night I met him on a baw,
 Where yellow corn was growing;
 There mony a kindly word he spak,
 That set my heart a glowing:
 He kiss'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,
 And loo'd me best of ony;
 That gars me like to sing finfyne,
 O corn-riggs are bony.

Let

SIR WILLIAM.

My friends, I'm satisfy'd, and do well believe
 That, in his station, each will well behave:
 Be ever virtuous, soon or late you'll find
 Reward and satisfaction in your mind.
 The maze of life sometimes looks dark and wild,
 And oft, when hopes are highest, we're beguil'd.
 And when we stand on brinks of dark despair,
 Some happy turn with joy dispels our fear;
 Now all's to rights, who sings best let me hear.

PEGGY.

To your command I'll first obedience shew,
 And sing you one, the newest that I know.

S O N G.

My Patie is a lover gay,
 His mind is never muddy;
 His breath is sweeter than new hay,
 His face is fair and ruddy:
 He's handsome, of a middle size,
 And graceful in his walking;
 The brightness of his eyes surprize,
 'Tis heaven to hear him talking.—
 On a small bank last night we met,
 Ripe corn all round it growing;
 With look so kind, and words so sweet,
 He set my heart a glowing:
 He vow'd that true he would remain,
 Each rising fear disarming;
 Which makes me like to sing since then
 The corn fields are charming.

Let

Let lassies of a silly mind,

Refuse what maist they're wanting;

Since we for yielding were design'd,

We chaffly should be granting:

Then I'll comply and marry Pate,

And syne my cockernony;

He's free to touzle, air or late,

Where corn-riggs are bony.

THE END.

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THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

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Let lasses of a silly mind,
Refuse what most they're wanting;
Since we for yielding were design'd,
We chafely should be granting:
Then I'll comply and marry thee,
Farewell to fears alarming;
Thy pleasure shall my pleasure be
While corn fields are charming.

THE END;

Let him be a day or two
in the water and he will be
stronger and more able to
We should be able to
Then I'll come and meet you
I'll be on the ground
I'll be on the ground
I'll be on the ground

6 NO 63

N O T E S,

EXPLANATORY OF LOCAL CUSTOMS AND WORDS.

A C T I.

PAGE 1st. * The Gentle Shepherd.

Gentle, well-born, descended from an ancient family, though no noble.—Yet in Scotland they use the word gentle in the same sense as it is used in England—and say—A man is gentle both by birth and manners.

Ditto. † Watching of the fold.

In the South of Scotland, where Mr. Ramsay lays the scene of this pastoral, and where they have very extensive sheep farms, the lambs are taken from their dams about the end of June, and sent from the pastures where they were bred, to the fells, or wilds, there to remain until the beginning of the winter—and to prevent the ewes from following the lambs they are penned and watched until the lambs are out of their hearing—when not only the shepherds who belong to the farm, and the maids who are to milk the ewes before they are let out to feed in the morning, but all the young people of the neighbourhood, meet at this rural rendezvous, a sheep waking, or the watching of the fold—the sweet melancholy bleatings of the innocent lambs, the deeper toned complainings of the distressed dams, answering each other from hill to hill—the mild soothing twilight which makes the summer nights of a northern climate enchanting—such the scene,

Who would not

“ Like to meet his love

“ At watching of the fold?”

Page 4th. * Elf-shot.

If cattle die suddenly, the ignorant people think that they are killed by the invisible darts of Elves, Fairies, or some malignant Spirit, at the instigation of witches.

I remember when I was a child to have seen, in a cow-house, a stone suspended by a string over every cow's stand, and the same in a stable over every horse's stall.—As the thing was new to me, I inquired for what purpose they hung there, and was told that they were fairy-stones to preserve the cattle from the power of Witches and Fairies:—these stones had natural holes through them in which consisted their virtue.—There are found, in different parts of Scotland, stones shaped like the heads of arrows, which are called by the country people Elf shots.—These stones were the heads of ancient arrows, and are only to be found on fields and places where battles have been formerly fought.

Page 4th. ^d The West Port.

The market place for live cattle at Edinburgh, as Smithfield is in London.

Page 5th. * A shepherd is looked upon as the superior of a carter or car-man, even when both are the servants of the same man; so Roger had not only a rival in Bauldy, but what made it still more mortifying, that rival was so much his inferior.

“ Bauldy! Bauldy that drives the car.”——

Page 6th. ^f Upon a wall I lean'd.

In Scotland, particularly in sheep farms, where the sheep are apt to eat up the young thorns, the fences are commonly walls built of stone, without mortar, of about five feet high, covered at top with turf—such a fence makes a very comfortable leaning-place either for a contemplative Shepherd or a rural Philosopher.

Page 7th. ‡ But I can guess you're come to gather dew.

The Scottish lasses have an implicit faith in the virtues of May-dew—and the wise say that no cosmetic is so infallible in giving to the cheeks of youth that bloom of health, far superior to the bloom of Ninon. If any lady should be tempted to try the experiment, let her rise with the sun, and with her own fair hand gather the dew which she means to use, as it has no virtue if procured by another.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Page 10th. ¹ Habbie's How.

A little dell as described, and called Habby's How, from once having been the residence or in the possession of one of that name.—Such names of places are very common in that part of the country.

Page 15th. ¹ Ha! bonny lass of Brankfome!

Alluding to an old ballad in which a bonny or pretty lass of Brankfome is the subject of the song.—So Jenny jeeringly says that Patie will make a Song upon her, as the lass of Brankfome's lover had done.

Page 17th. ² Tron.

An old name for the public market place of any Town or Village for the sale of fowls, eggs, butter, cheese, &c.

ACT II.

Page 19th. ¹ And be a Lady of that ilk.

Title and surname the same, as Gordon Duke of Gordon, &c. and amongst gentlemen not noble, it is an honorary distinction belonging to the chief, or eldest family of the name, as Macleod of Macleod—and many others.

Page 31st. ² You, Goody, got the blame of all fell out.

Some poor old woman; and, as Maufe says, perhaps because she had more sense and knowledge than her neighbours, got the blame of all the misfortunes and cross accidents which happened in her neighbourhood. Sometimes they had the address to turn the superstitious credulity of others to their own advantage, particularly when their aid was asked to assist lovers like Bauldy, who were always generous to the witch who they thought could help them.—There were at one time so many of these poor old women legally condemned, and burnt for witchcraft, that it shocks reason and humanity to think of it. To

put a stop to this rage for persecuting witches, there was a law made, that for every witch condemned in a parish, the parson should forfeit an hundred marks of his stipend, about 5l. 10s. sterling.—Whether this made the Clergy more diligent to keep the devil out of the old women, I wont pretend to say; but, after this law was made, not one suffered for witchcraft, at least by legal trial.

These absurd ideas were not peculiar to Scotland, but to superstition and ignorance in general. Witness the following extract from Hume's Sketches of the History of Man.

“ Every one is acquainted with the History of the Dutchess of Beaufort, who is said to have made a compact with the devil to procure her Henry IV. of France for a lover.—This ridiculous story was believed through all France, and is reported as a truth by the Duke de Sully.”

If a lover be worth going to the devil for, no woman ever had a better excuse.

Page 35th. “ As there is a similitude in the sentiments, I cannot here help bringing these lines into comparison with those much admired ones from one of VIRGIL's Eclogues.

Once with your mother to our fields you came
For dewy apples: thence I date my flame—
The choicest fruit I pointed to your view,
Though young, my raptur'd soul was fixed on you;
The boughs I just could reach with little arms;
But then, even then, could feel thy powerful charms.
O, how I gaz'd, in pleasing transport tost!
How glow'd my heart, in sweet delusion lost!

WARTON.

Durst I venture an opinion, I would give the preference to the Scots poet for strict adherence to nature and delicacy of sentiment—as tost and lost, appear very strong expressions to paint the feelings of a boy with little arms.

Page 36th. • Or putt'd the stone.

A large round stone which was thrown with one hand, and the skill and strength of the putter was shewn in the distance he was able to throw it.

See Johnson's Folio Dictionary.

ACT

NOTES.

5

A C T III.

Page 48th. * Second fighted.

"The power of seeing things future, or distant, is supposed inherent in some of the Scottish islanders." Johnson's Fol. Dict.—and one would be apt to think, from his manner of expressing himself in his Journey to the Hebrides, that he had believed in some people's possessing this supernatural power.

Page 49th. † These obscure lines seem to be written in the style of the old rhyming prophets, as Merlin in England, and one Thomas Learmont in Scotland, commonly called Thomas the Rhymer—from his ambiguous prophecies all in this kind of rhymes—and as in all the old copies they are marked with inverted commas, I am apt to think they may have been taken from that or some other well-known prophecy; for though he reproves Glaud for his unbelief, and refuses to tell him the girls' fortunes in the same style of rhymes, yet there are no commas to mark those lines as a quotation.

Page 55. * Milk and meal in Scotland imply plenty, as beef and pudding do in England.

Page 56th. † Lammas, one of the Scotch terms, the first of

Which is Candlemas, the 1st of February.

The second, Witfunday, the 16th of May.

The third, Lammas, the 1st of August.

The fourth, Martinmas, the 11th of November.

ACT

A C T IV.

Page 81. * Suckler-bank.

Those lambs which are younger or weaker than the rest are called sucklers, and not sent with the others, but kept upon the ground detached from the flock—and some good pasture and well sheltered place set apart for them—so called the suckler bras, or bank.

THE END.

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ERRATA.

SCOTCH.

Page	Line	
3	14	for <i>whole</i> read <i>whofo</i> .
5	23	for <i>throle</i> read <i>thole</i> .
7	9	for <i>gaw</i> read <i>gown</i> .
29	15	for <i>fair</i> read <i>rafb</i> .
26	6	for <i>you</i> read <i>ow</i> .
87	1	for <i>Call up</i> read <i>Bid raifo</i> .

ENGLISH.

Page	Line	
53	12	for <i>contusion</i> read <i>contusion</i> .
60	1	for <i>where</i> read <i>where</i> .
81	23	at the word <i>fuchler</i> mark * omitted.
85	6	for <i>burn</i> read <i>burned</i> .
87	1	for <i>Bid raifo</i> read <i>Call up</i> .
88	5	for <i>in's</i> read <i>in</i> .
90	20	for <i>new-mown</i> read <i>new-made</i> .
96	2	for <i>know</i> read <i>know</i> .
102	2	delc <i>well</i> .